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The Hermits in Dixie - 1908.

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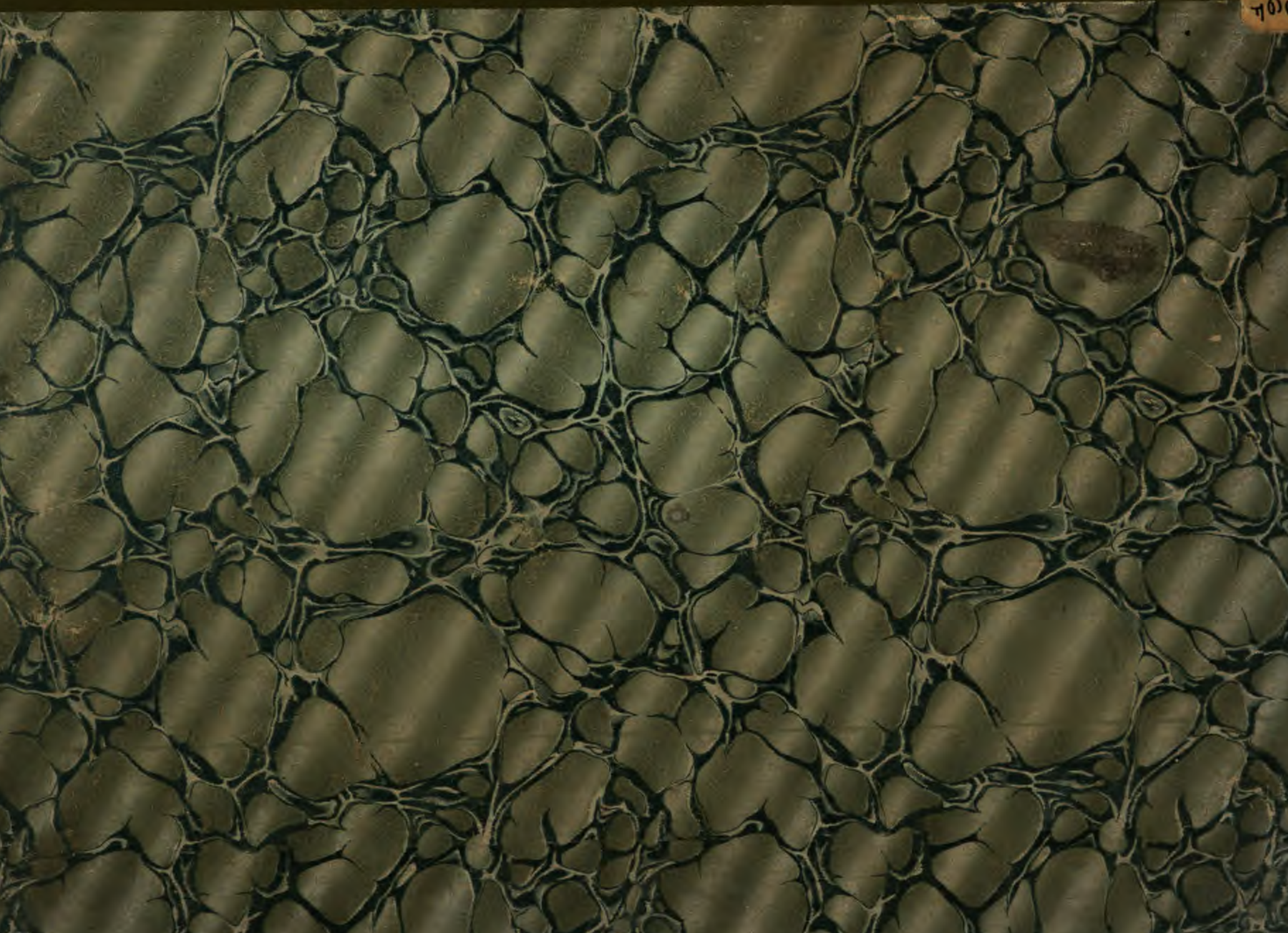

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bind

The Hermits in Dixie.

A Musical Comedy In Three Acts.

Produced by The Hermit Club of Cleveland.

Price $1.00

THE HERMITS IN DIXIE.

A MUSICAL COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

BOOK BY

CLARENCE VINCENT KERR.

LYRICS BY

NORMAN C. Mc LOUD.

MUSIC BY

JOHN S ZAMECNIK, HENRY

L. SANFORD, RICHARD S. SPENCER,

AND ALBERT REES DAVIS.

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3

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
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1918

The Hermits in Dixie

As produced at The Euclid Ave. Opera House
Cleveland, May 25th to 30th 1908.

Under The Stage Direction of
A. M. HOLBROOK.

o

Cast of Characters.

Cumberland Waddle. . . Major U.S.A. who has troubles of his own . . . . . Roger C. Enwright.
Tom Waddle. . . his son A West Point Cadet . . . . . Clarence P. Odell.
Ludwig Von Liebig. M.D. . . A Celebrated German Specialist . . . . . Albert Rees Davis.
Davy Ketch . . . . Rear Admiral. U.S.N. In Command of the Arizona . . . . . Louis J. Ford.
Stephen Decatur. . . Lieut. U.S.N. In love with Virginia . . . . . Fred W. Braggins.
Jimmy Hickey . . . Who runs the Old Point Sight-seeing Auto . . . . . Charles A. Maher.
Count Boni de la Petit Deweujer . . . A titled dancing master . . . . . Geo. B. Pettingill.
who aspires to Grand Opera and American heiresses.
George Washington Peyton. . . whose wife takes in general washing . . . . . Frederic S. Porter.
Nicodemus . . . . . A family pet . . . . . Howard Conger.
Dennis Wells . . . . . (The Express agent at Old Point.
Higgins . . . . . Steward at The Club.) . . . . . Harry Donaldson.
Obadiah Hardscrabble . . . from "down yonder" in Virginia . . . . . Frederic M. Nicholas.
Hezekiah . . . . . his son . . . . . Wm Fleming.
Melissa . . . . . his dau hter . . . . . Arthur J. Caldwell.
Bill Binnacle . . . . . A bibulous boatswain . . . . . Mortimer W. Lawrence.
Hayfoot.) . . . . . Zealous guards . . . . . F. R. Walker.
Strawfoot.) Samuel T. Nash.
Jim Jimson . . . . . A. C. Steele.
Mrs. Culpepper Dinwiddie . . . . A Charming widow . . . . . Herbert Mathews.
who has high Social aspirations.
Virginia Lee . . . Her neice In love with Steve . . . . . Horatio N. Herriman.
Polly Nelson . . . . . Virginia's friend . . . . . Frank S Baker.

o

SCENES.

Act. I _ The Pier in front of The Chamberlain.
.. II _ The Club at Fortress Monroe.
.. III _ The forward deck of The U.S.
battle ship Arizona.

o

MUSICAL DIRECTOR . . . . . FRANK B. MEADE.

Musical Numbers.

Act I.

1. Opening Chorus. . . . . .
2. Trio . . . . . "Happy Days" . . . . . Steve, Tom, Jimmy.
3. Song and Chorus — "The Giddy Cadet" . . . . . Virginia, Debutantes and West Point Cadets.
4. Duet — "Kiss and Make up Again" . . . . . Steve and Virginia.
5. Song — "The Winning Widow" . . . . . Mrs. Dinwiddie, Widows and Attendants.
6. Song and Dance — "The Dancing Lesson" . . . . . Count Boni and Officers Children.
7. Finale — Introducing Admiral's Song . . . . . Davy Ketch and full Chorus.

Act II.

1. Song and Chorus — "Swinging in the Twilight" Tom, Debutantes and Cadets.
2. Trio — "Nature Fakes" . . . . . Mrs. Dinwiddie, Ketch and Von Liebig.
3. Song — "The Shivery Moon" . . . . . Virginia and Pony Chorus.
4. Song and Chorus — "Get Aboard The Wagon" . . . . . Jimmy and Chorus.
5. Song — "The Mint Julep" . . . . . Steve and Chorus.
6. Topical Song — "I did'nt seem to get in Right". . . . . Count Boni.
7. Waltz Finale — Introducing Sextette . . . . . Tom, Steve, Virginia, Polly, Mrs. Dinwiddie, Ketch and full Chorus.

Act III.

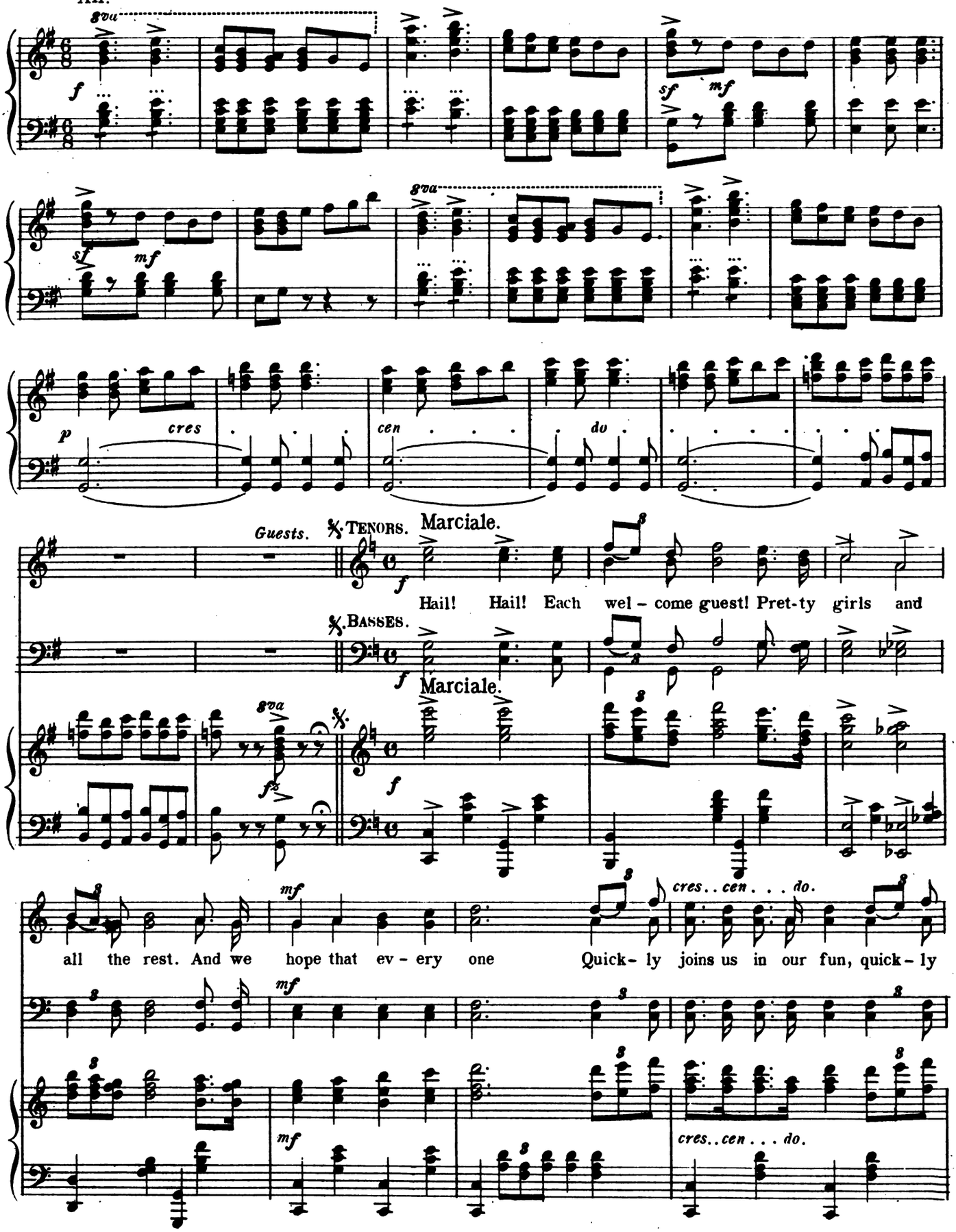
1. Opening Chorus. —"Yo ho for the Sailor bold". . . . . .
2. Quartette — "Von Liebig's Soothing Syrup" . . . . . Count Boni, Polly, Mrs. Dinwiddie, Von Liebig.
3. Duet Dance. . . . . Jimmy and Melissa.
4. Song and Chorus — Jacky . . . . . Virginia and Chorus.
5. Song — "My Old Time Dixie Girl" . . . . . Tom, Debutantes and Widows.
6. Finale — Introducing National Airs . . . . . Full Chorus.

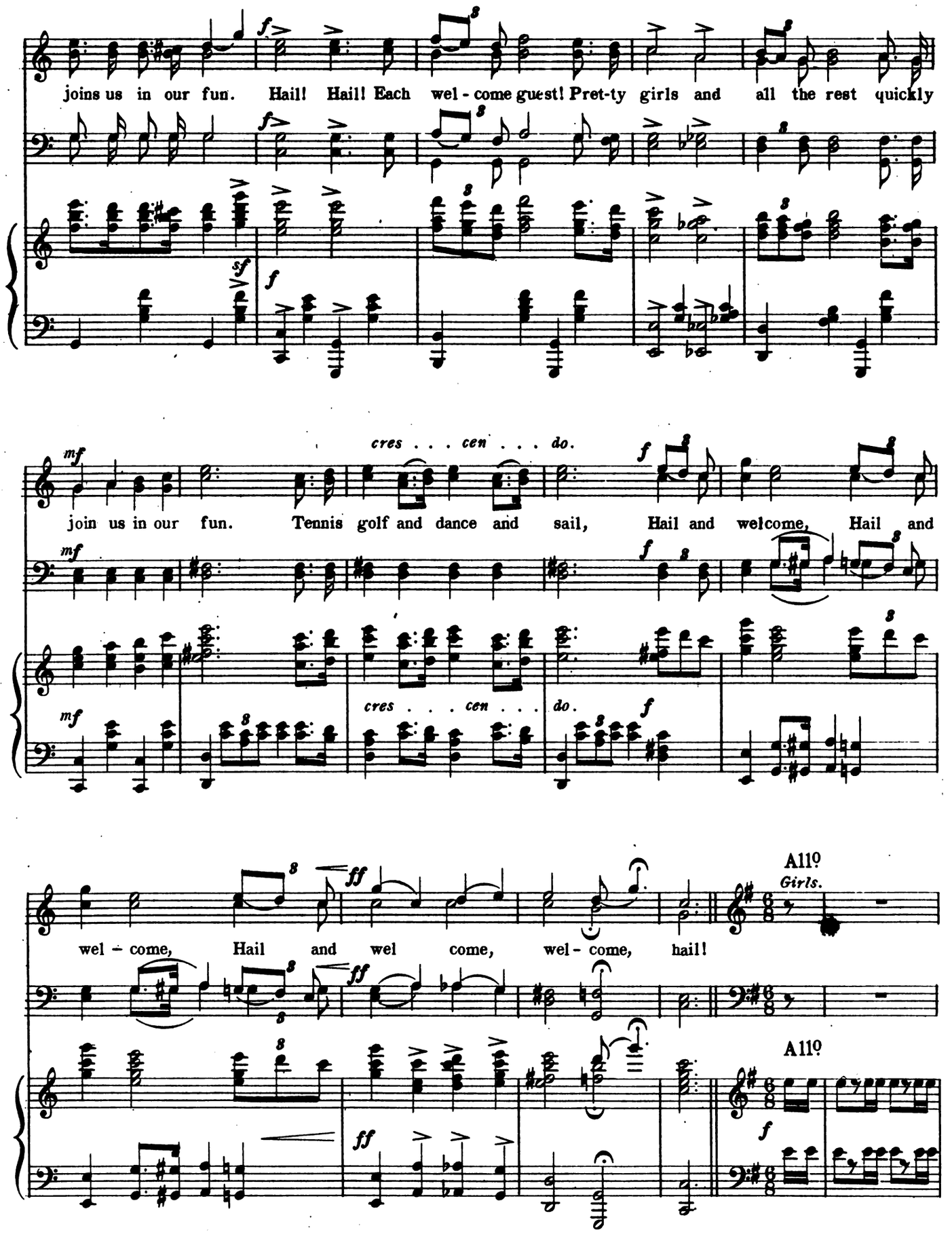
ACT I.

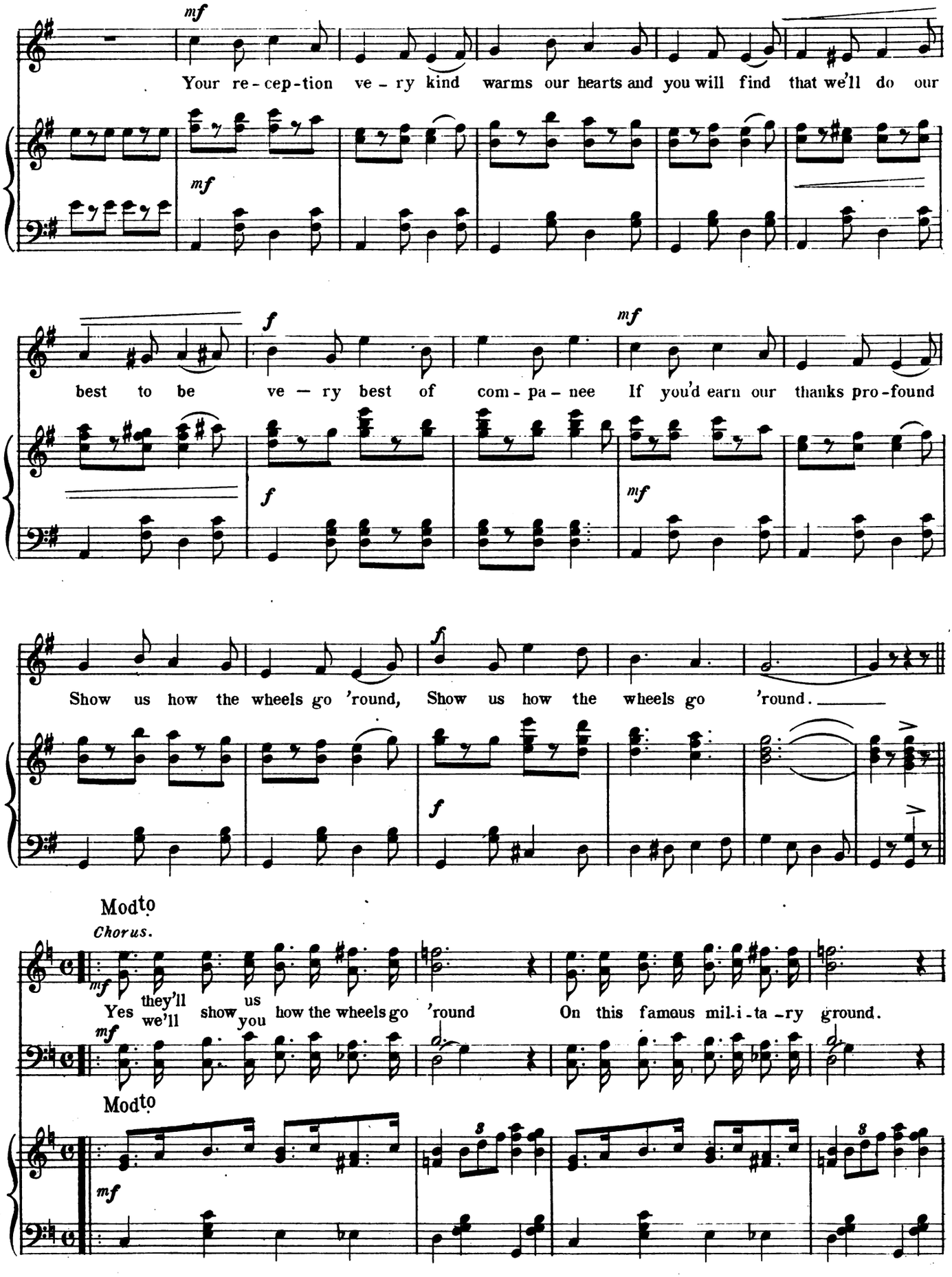
OPENING CHORUS.

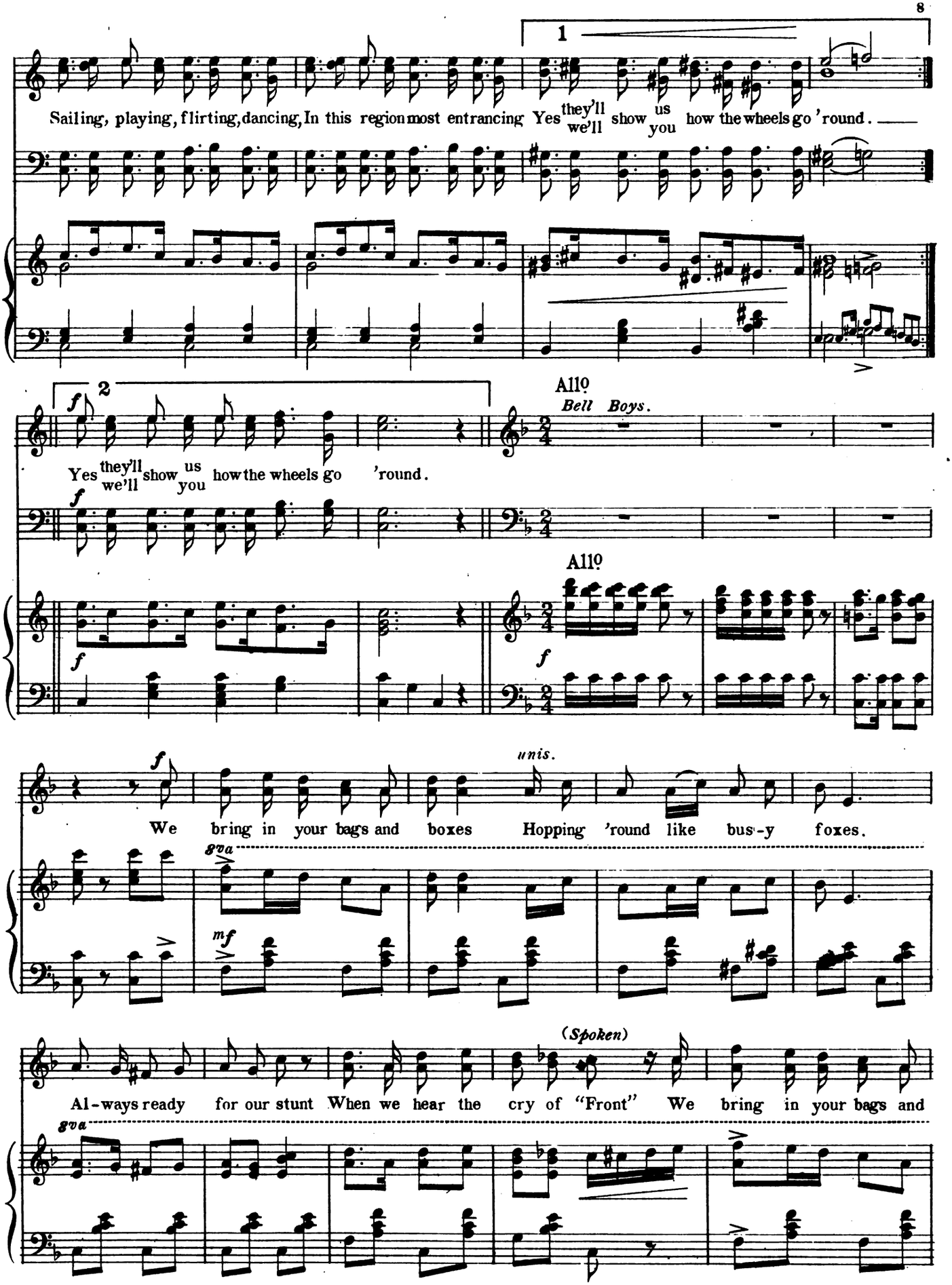
J. S. ZAMECNIK.

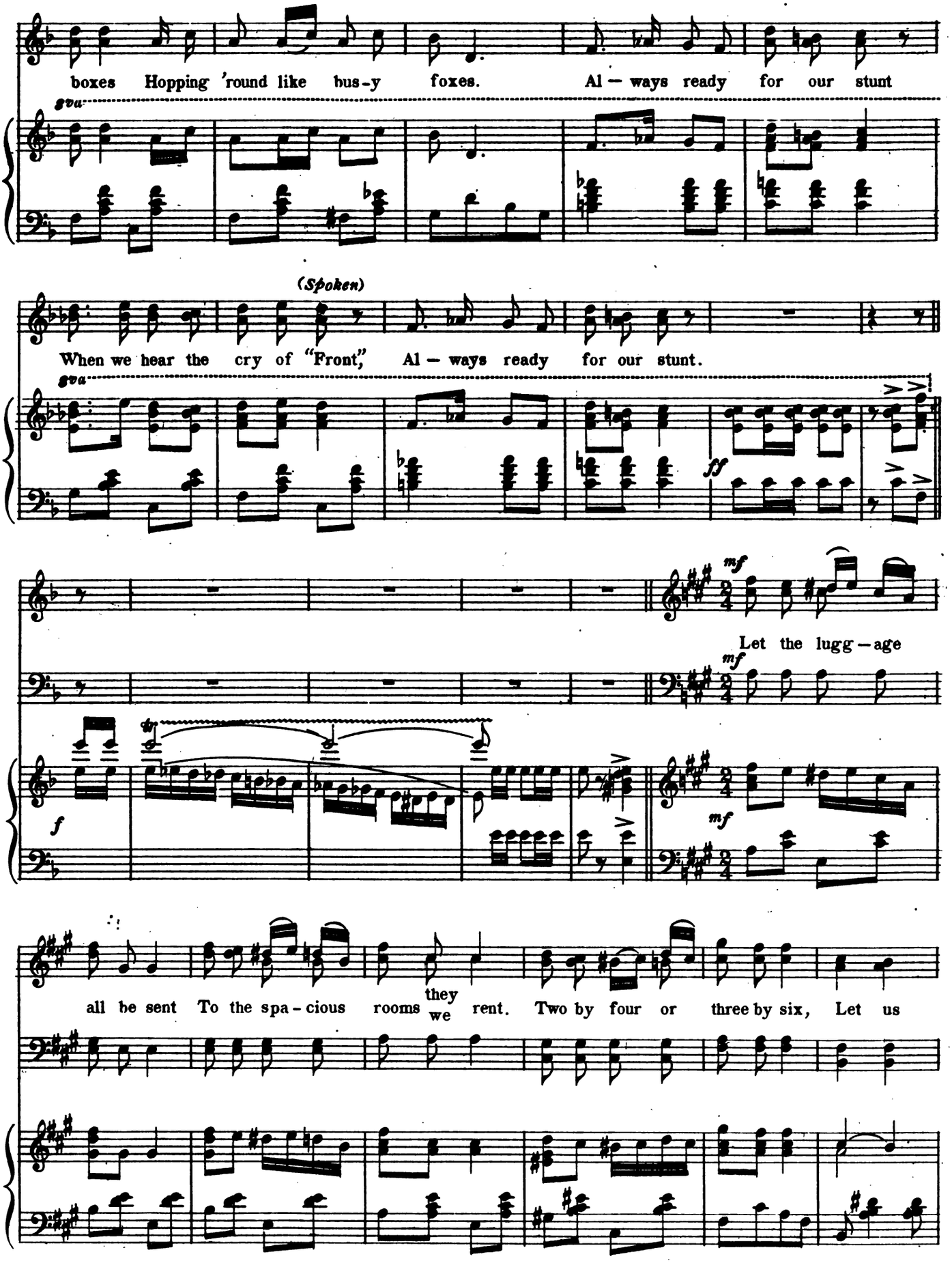
All^o

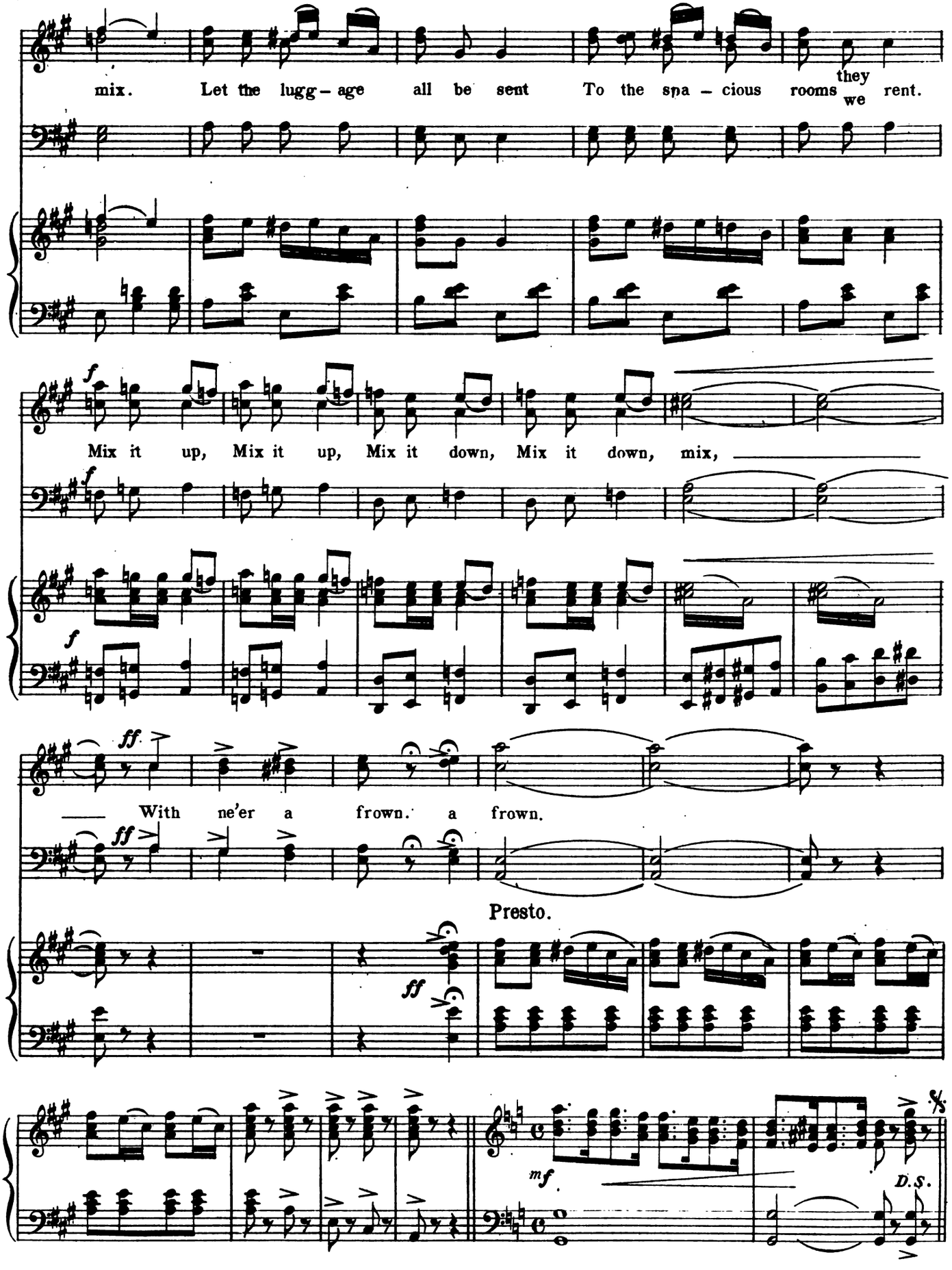



joins us in our fun. Hail! Hail! Each wel - come guest! Pret-ty girls and all the rest quickly
join us in our fun. Tennis golf and dance and sail, Hail and welcome, Hail and
cres . . . cen . . . do.
wel - come, Hail and wel come, wel - come, hail!
All⁹
Girls.
All⁹


mf
Your re - cep - tion ve - ry kind warms our hearts and you will find that we'll do our
f
mf
best to be ve — ry best of com - pa - nee If you'd earn our thanks pro - found
f
mf
Show us how the wheels go 'round, Show us how the wheels go 'round.
f
Mod to
Chorus.
mf
Yes they'll we'll show us you how the wheels go 'round On this famous mil - i - ta - ry ground.
mf
Mod to
mf


1
Sailing, playing, flirting, dancing, In this region most entrancing Yes they'll we'll show us you how the wheels go 'round.
2
f
Yes they'll we'll show us you how the wheels go 'round.
All⁹
Bell Boys.
All⁹
f
unis.
We bring in your bags and boxes Hopping 'round like bus-y foxes.
8va
mf
(Spoken)
Al-ways ready for our stunt When we hear the cry of "Front" We bring in your bags and
8va

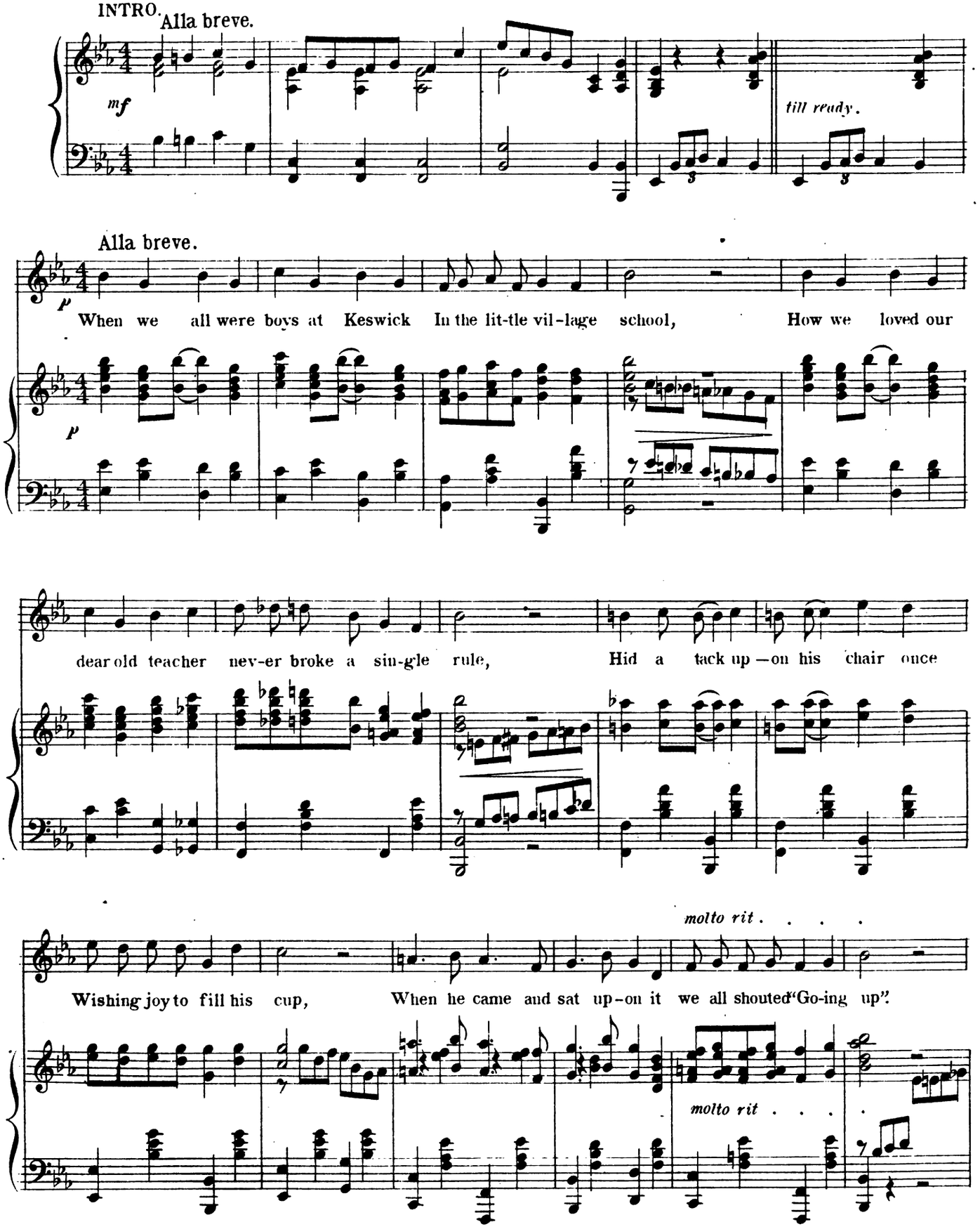

boxes Hopping 'round like bus-y foxes. Al — ways ready for our stunt
8va
(Spoken)
When we hear the cry of "Front," Al — ways ready for our stunt.
8va
ff
mf
Let the lugg — age
mf
f
mf
all be sent To the spa - cious rooms they we rent. Two by four or three by six, Let us


mix. Let the lugg – age all be sent To the spa – cious rooms they we rent.
Mix it up, Mix it up, Mix it down, Mix it down, mix,
With ne'er a frown. a frown.
Presto.
D.S.

THOSE WERE HAPPY DAYS.

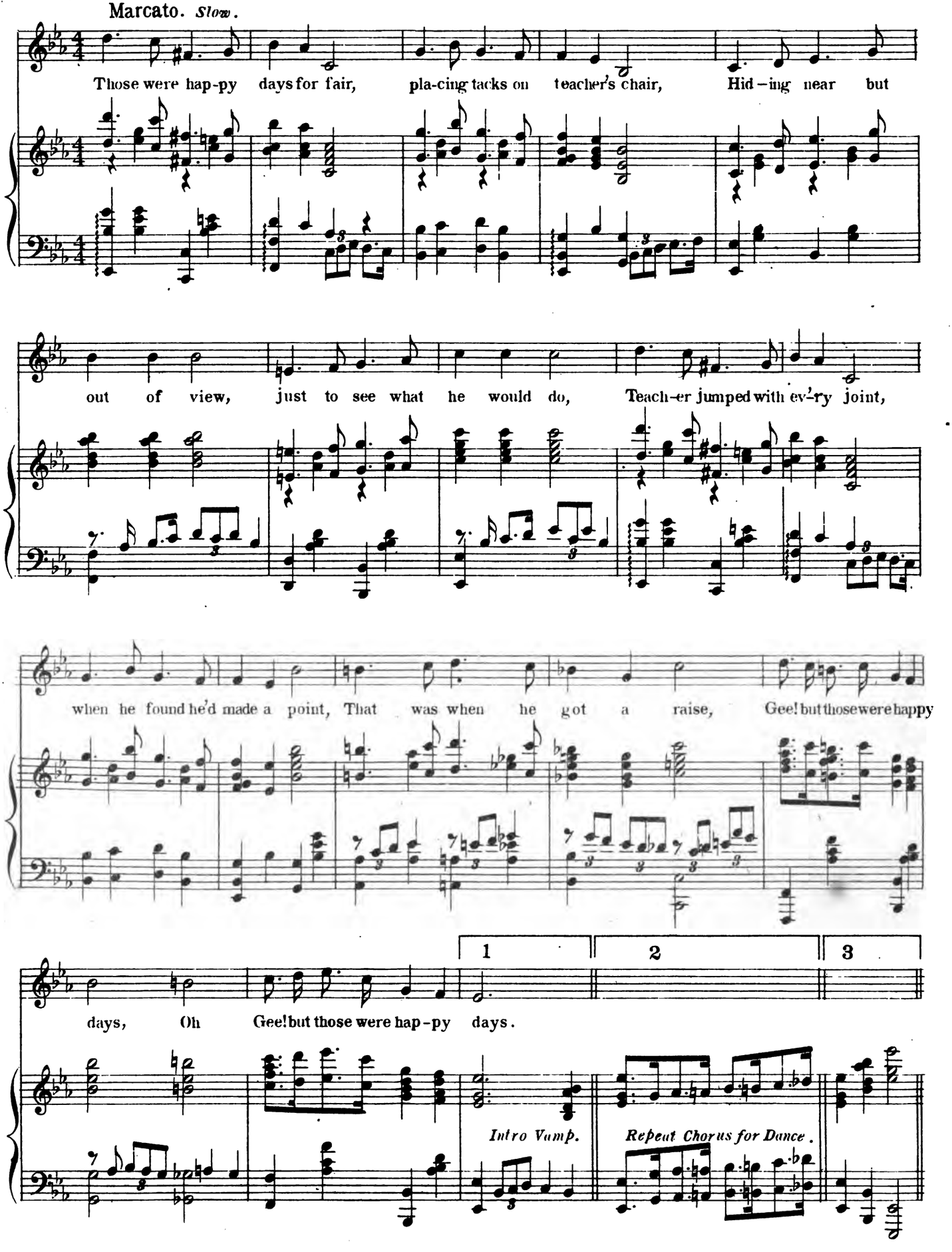
TRIO.

H. L. SANFORD.



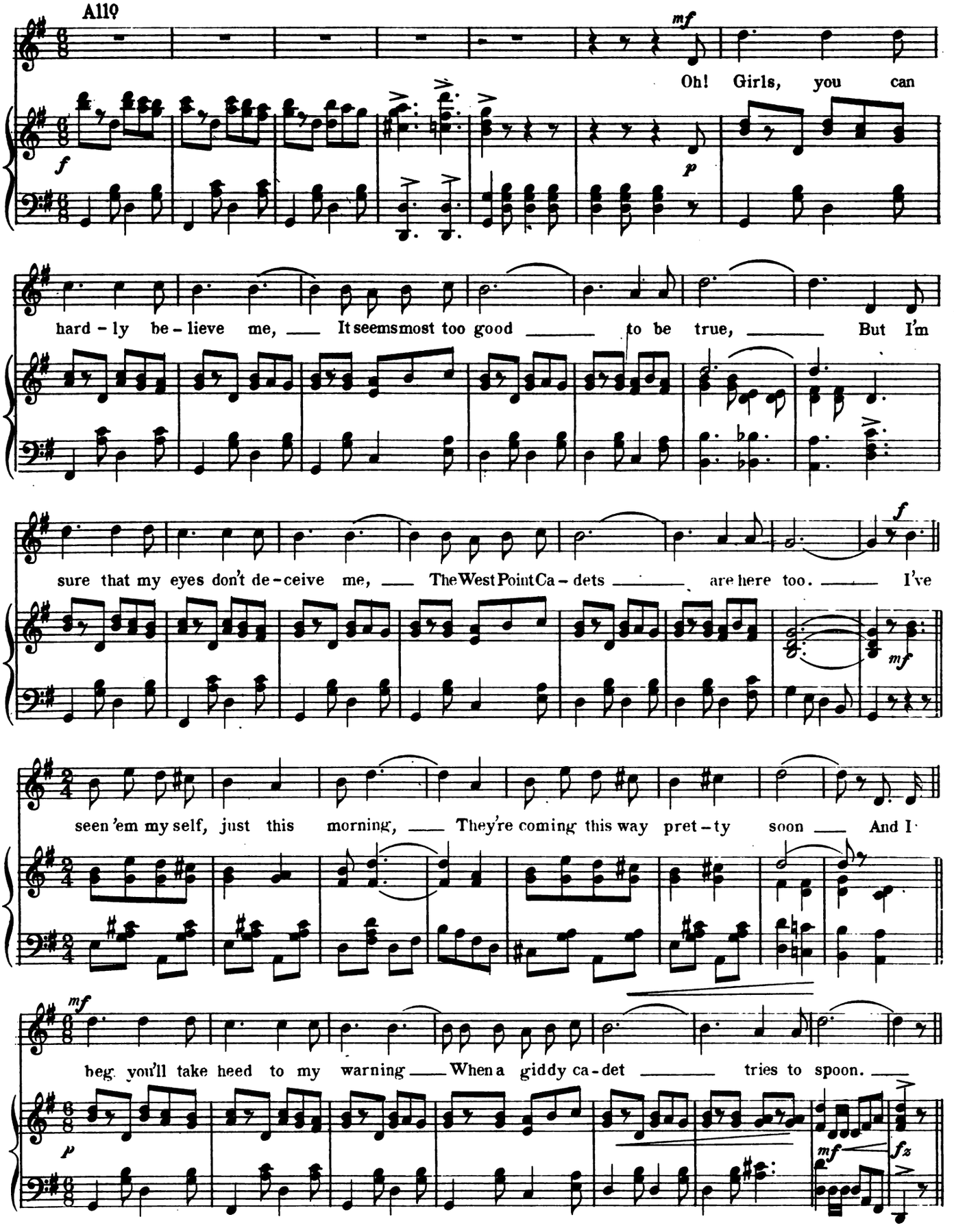
CHORUS.

Marcato. *Slow.*



THE GIDDY CADET.

J.S. ZAMECNIK.



Chorus. (1st time Solo.)

mf—f

p—f

For if each cutting glance were a sab-er ___ And every curl a spear, ___ He would

laugh and your cheeks he would rif-le ___ of Kisses, with-out fear. ___ He thrills at the

scent of powder ___ That clings to ker-chief or glove ___ His heart beats the fast-er and

loud-er ___ When he charges on his la-dy love. For love. ___

1 2

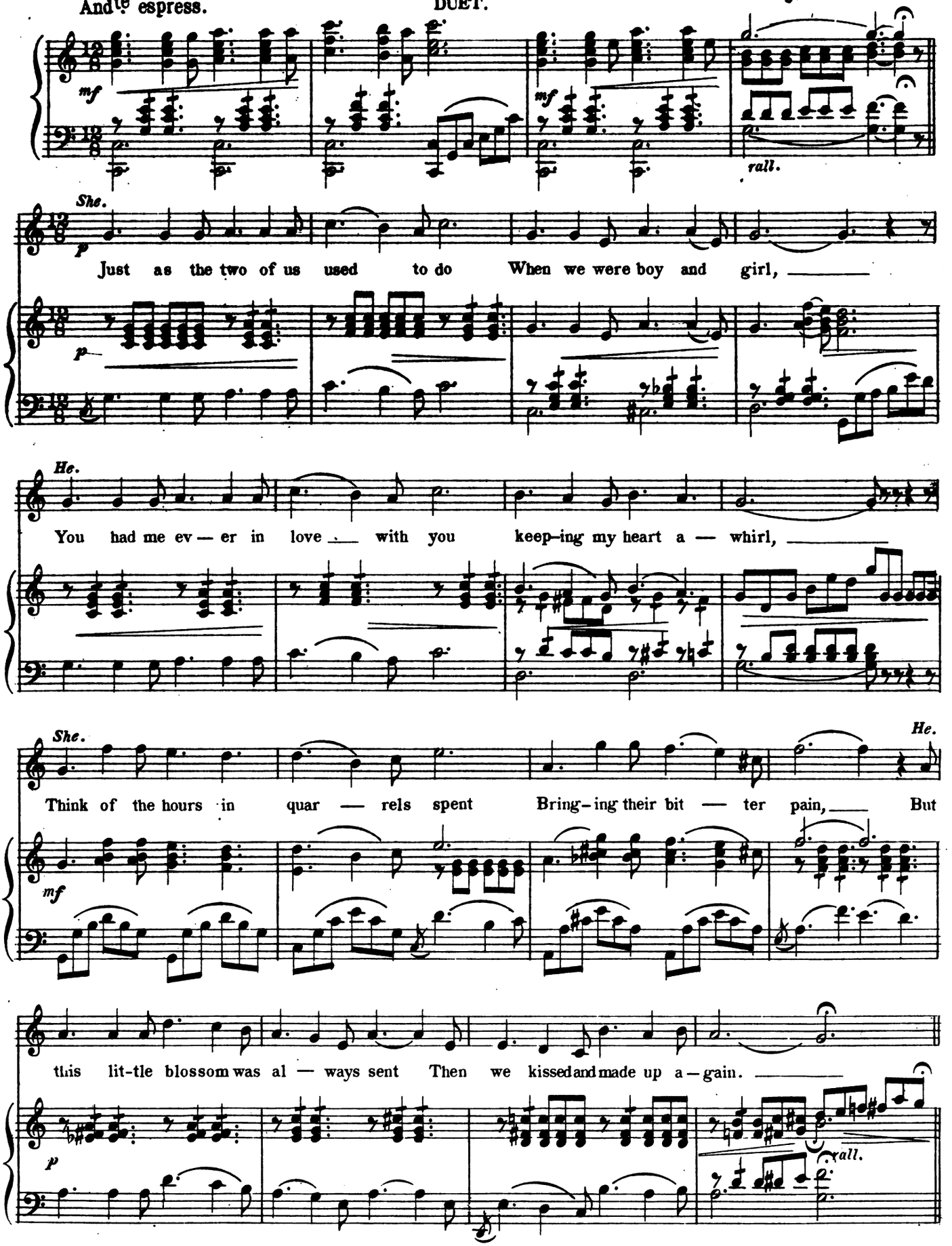
f

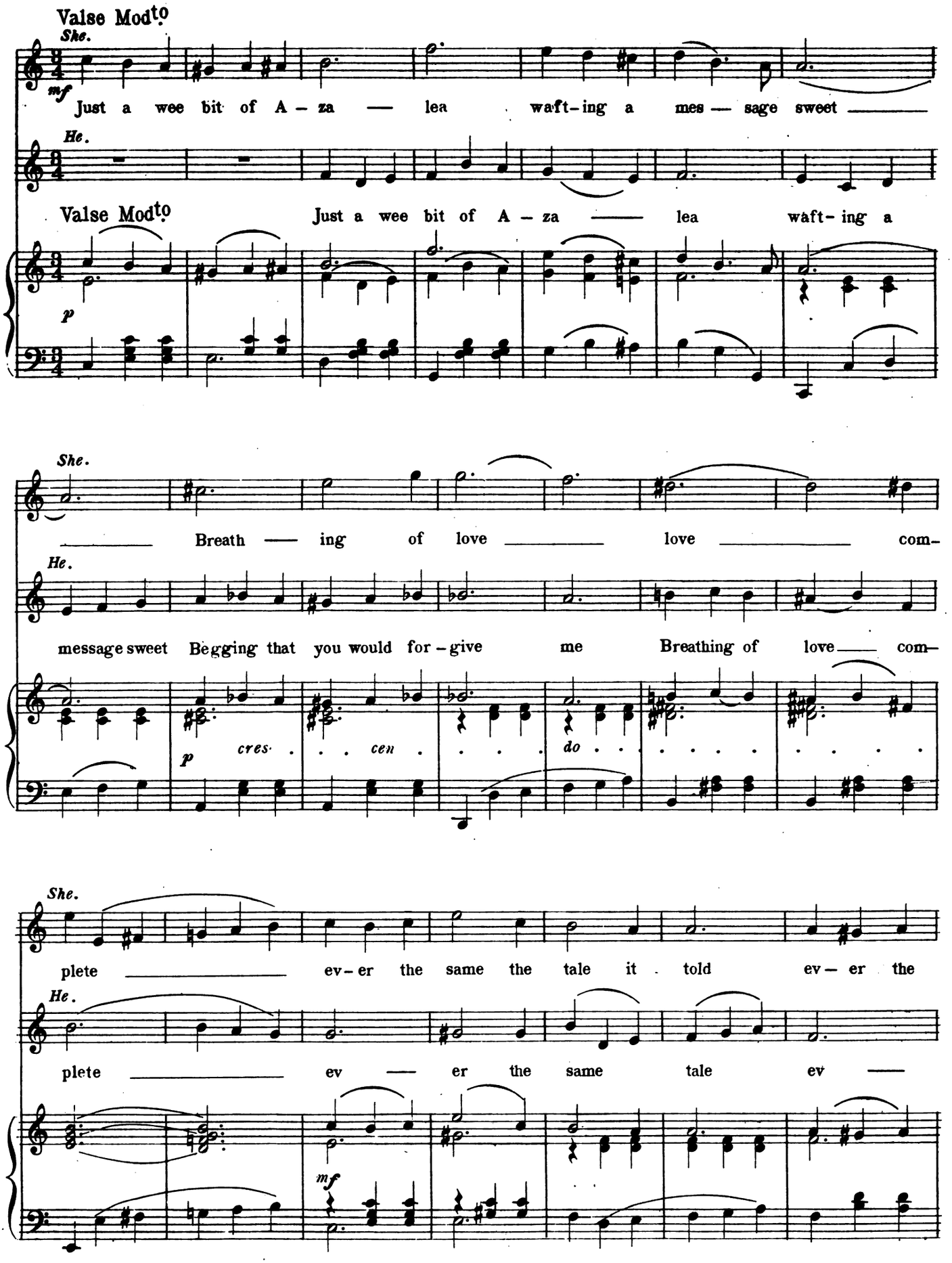
KISS AND MAKE UP AGAIN.

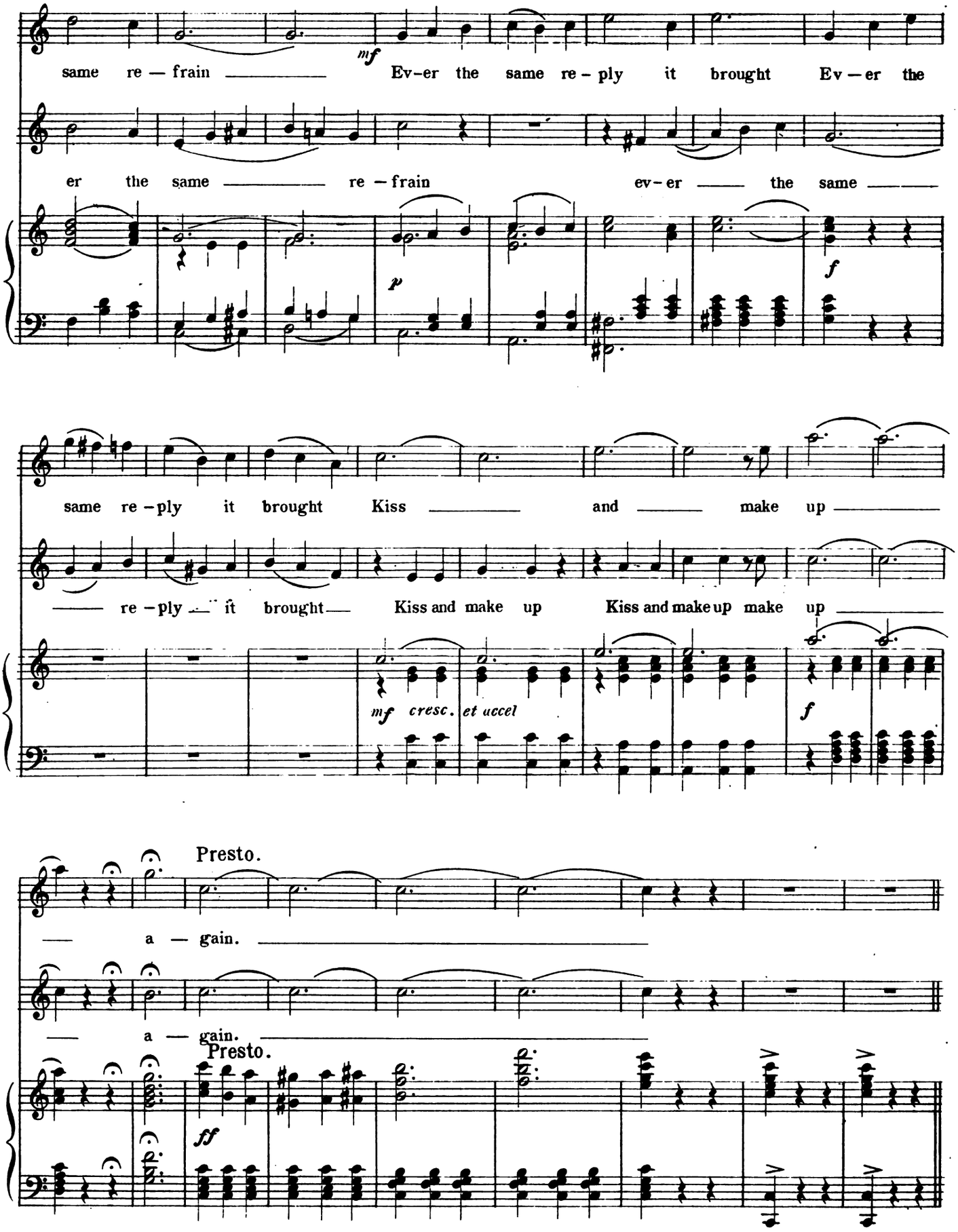
And^te espress.

DUET.

J.S. ZAMECNIK.



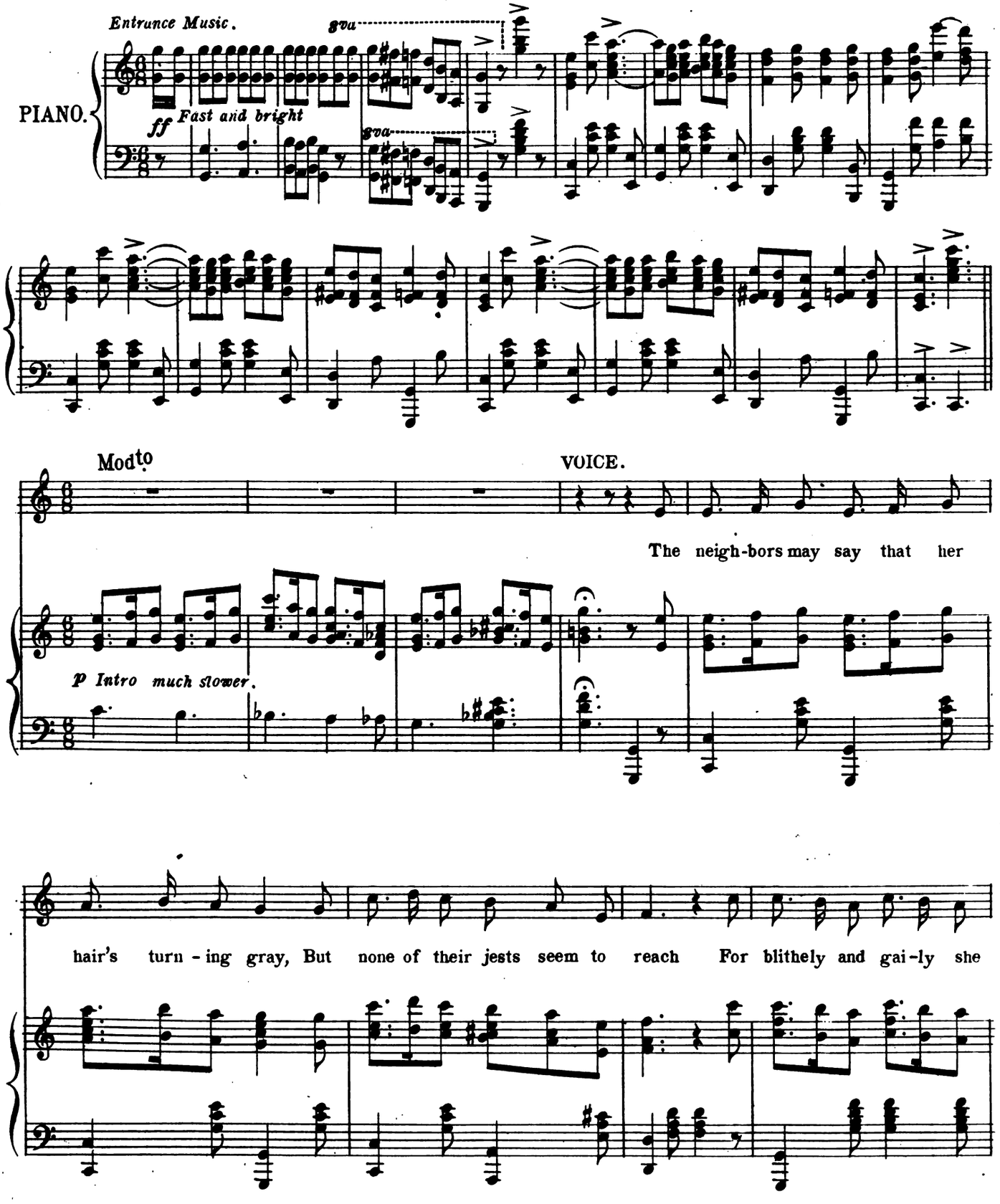

Valse Mod^to
She.
mf
Just a wee bit of A – za — lea waft-ing a mes — sage sweet
He.
Valse Mod^to
Just a wee bit of A – za — lea waft- ing a
p
She.
— Breath — ing of love — love — com-
He.
message sweet Begging that you would for – give me Breathing of love — com-
p
cres. cen do
She.
plete — ev- er the same the tale it told ev – er the
He.
plete — ev — er the same tale ev —
mf

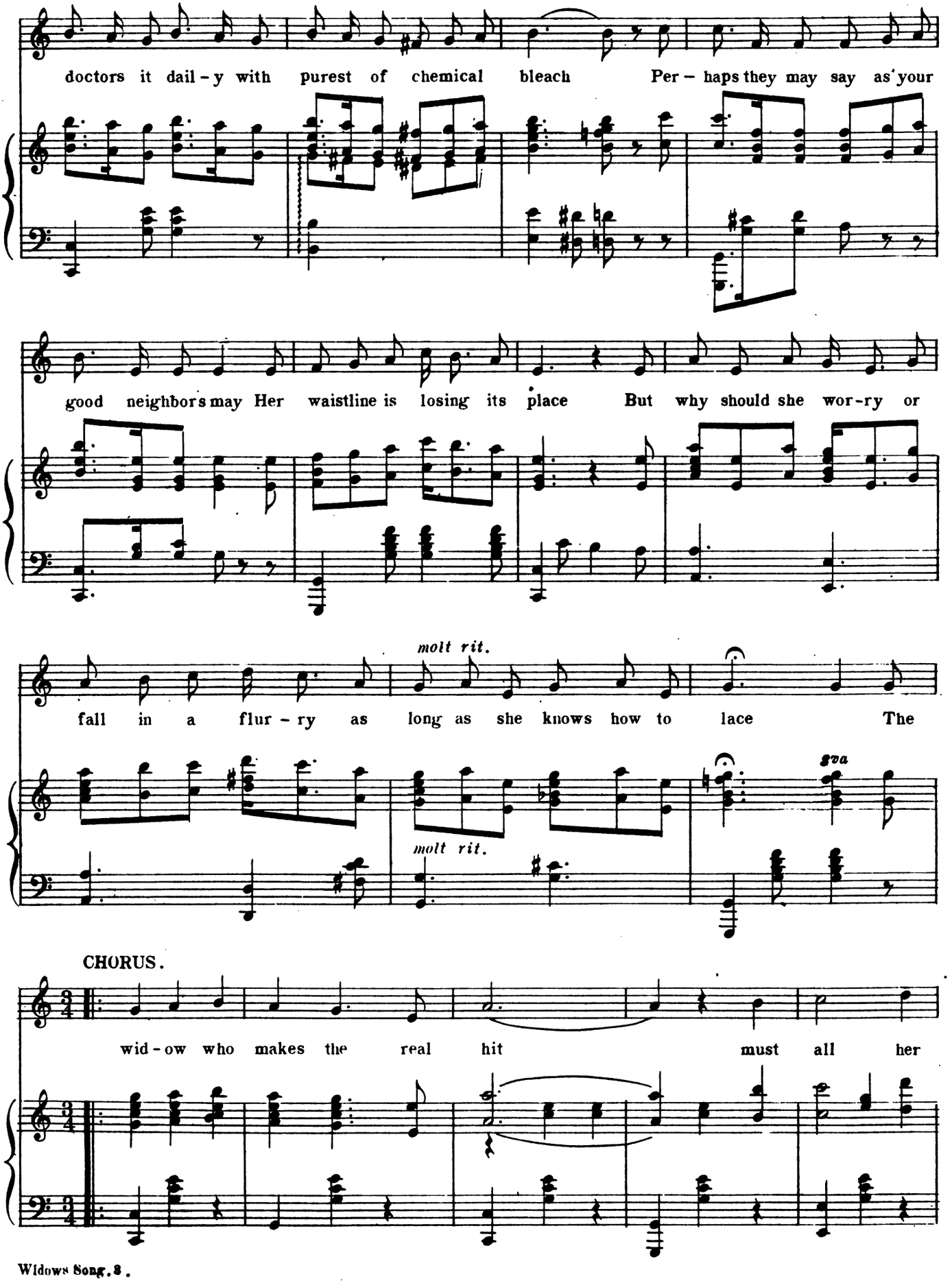

same re — frain Ev-er the same re - ply it brought Ev — er the
er the same re — frain ev-er the same
mf
p
f
same re - ply it brought Kiss and make up
re - ply it brought Kiss and make up Kiss and make up make up
mf cresc. et accel
f
Presto.
a — gain.
a — gain.
Presto.
ff

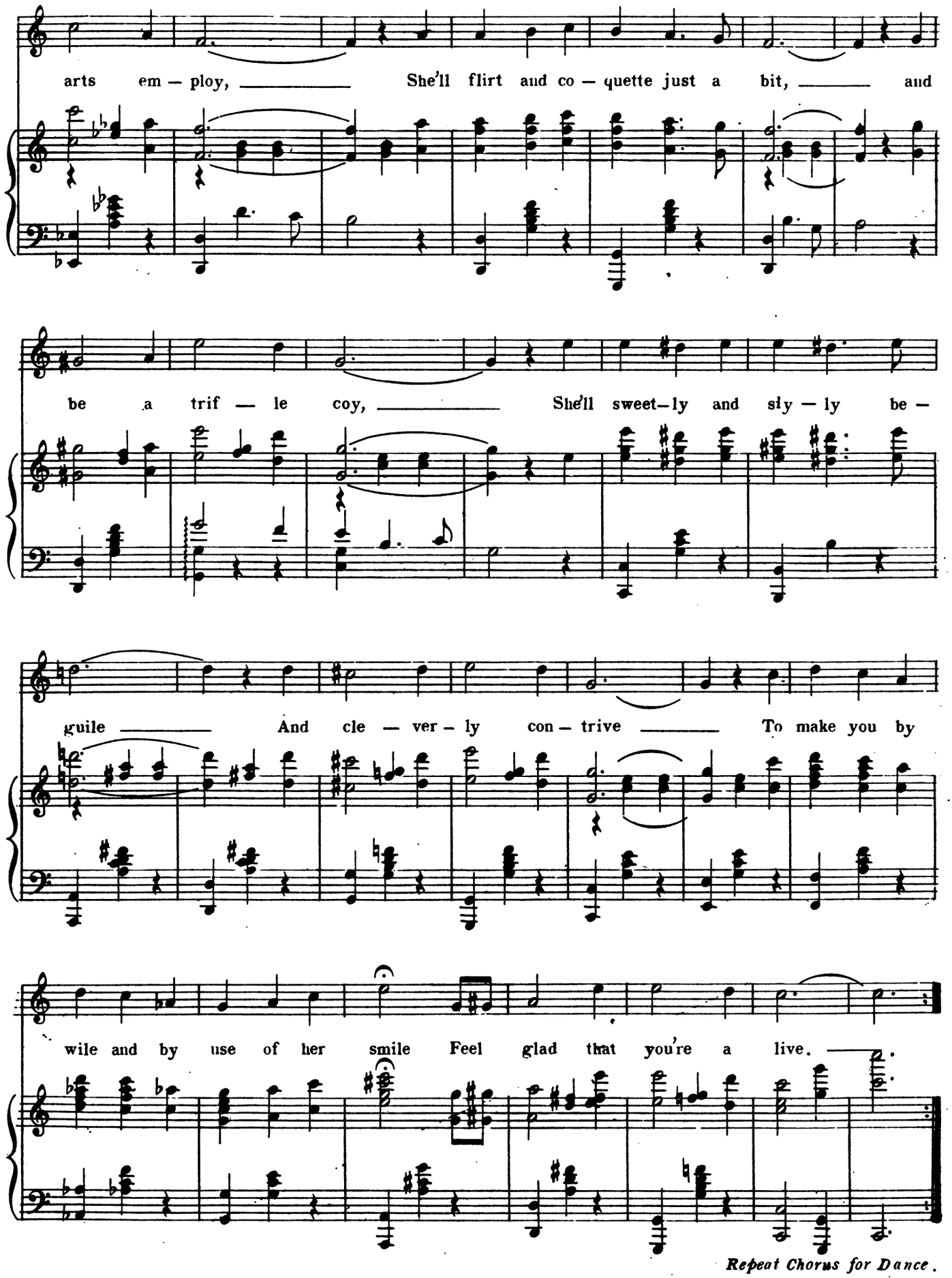
THE WINNING WIDOW.

ACT, V.

H.L.SANFORD.



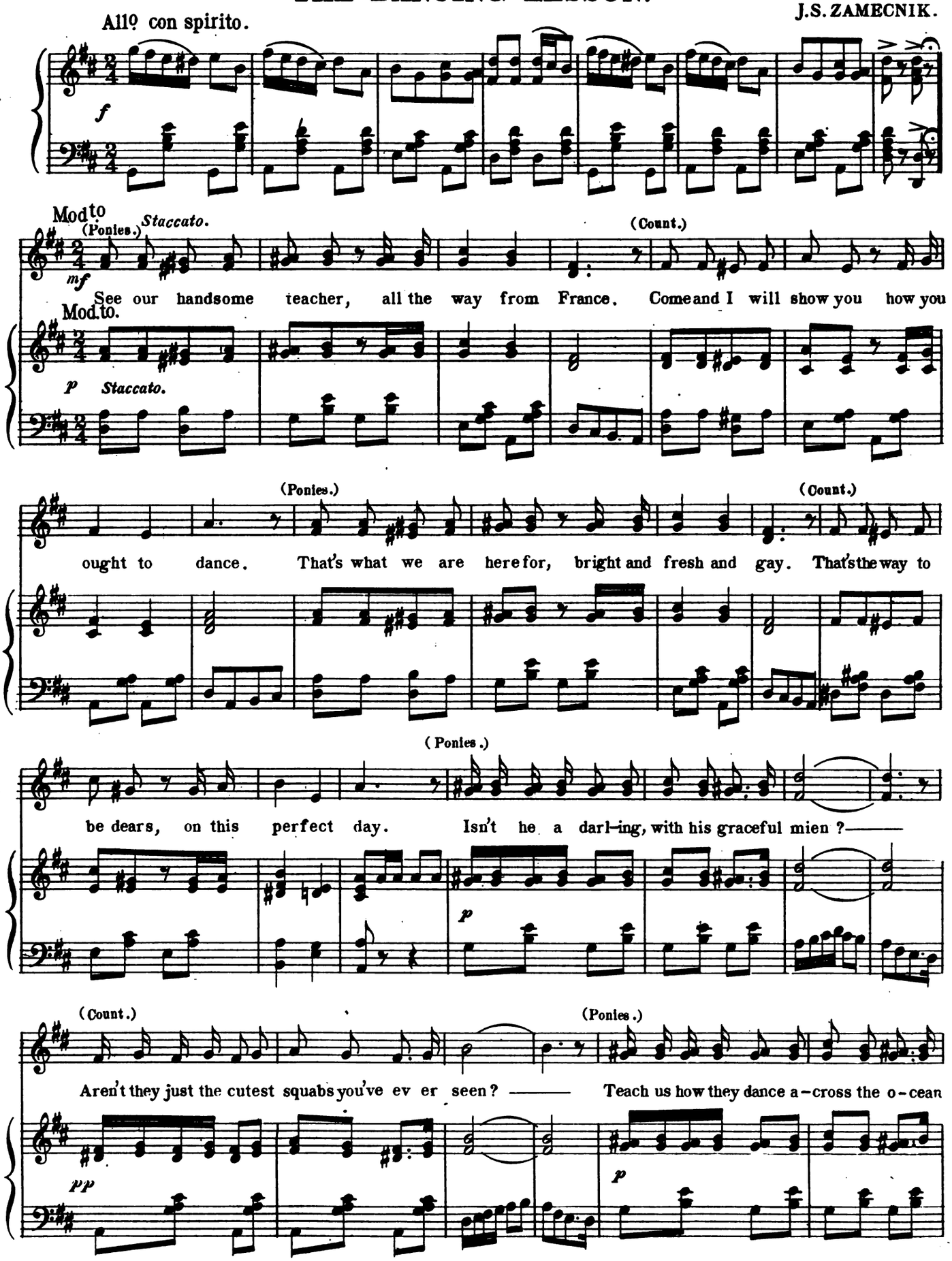

doctors it dail-y with purest of chemical bleach Per-haps they may say as your
good neighbors may Her waistline is losing its place But why should she wor-ry or
molt rit.
fall in a flur-ry as long as she knows how to lace The
molt rit.
8va
CHORUS.
wid-ow who makes the real hit must all her



Repeat Chorus for Dance.

THE DANCING LESSON.

J.S. ZAMECNIK.


Allº con spirito.

Modto
(Ponies.) Staccato.
mf
See our handsome teacher, all the way from France.
(Count.)
Come and I will show you how you
Mod.to.
p Staccato.
ought to dance.
(Ponies.)
That's what we are here for, bright and fresh and gay.
(Count.)
That's the way to
be dears, on this perfect day.
(Ponies.)
Isn't he a darl-ing, with his graceful mien?
p
(Count.)
Aren't they just the cutest squabs you've ev er seen?
(Ponies.)
Teach us how they dance a-cross the o-cean
pp
p

(Count.)

blue. Fol-low me and then you'll see just what to do.

Sempre staccato.

So watch me close-ly please, The lesson's now be — gun. I

p *Sempre staccato.*

take some steps like these To show you how it's done. With swing and with chas-

se You pirouette and whirl, And then you have the dance au fait,

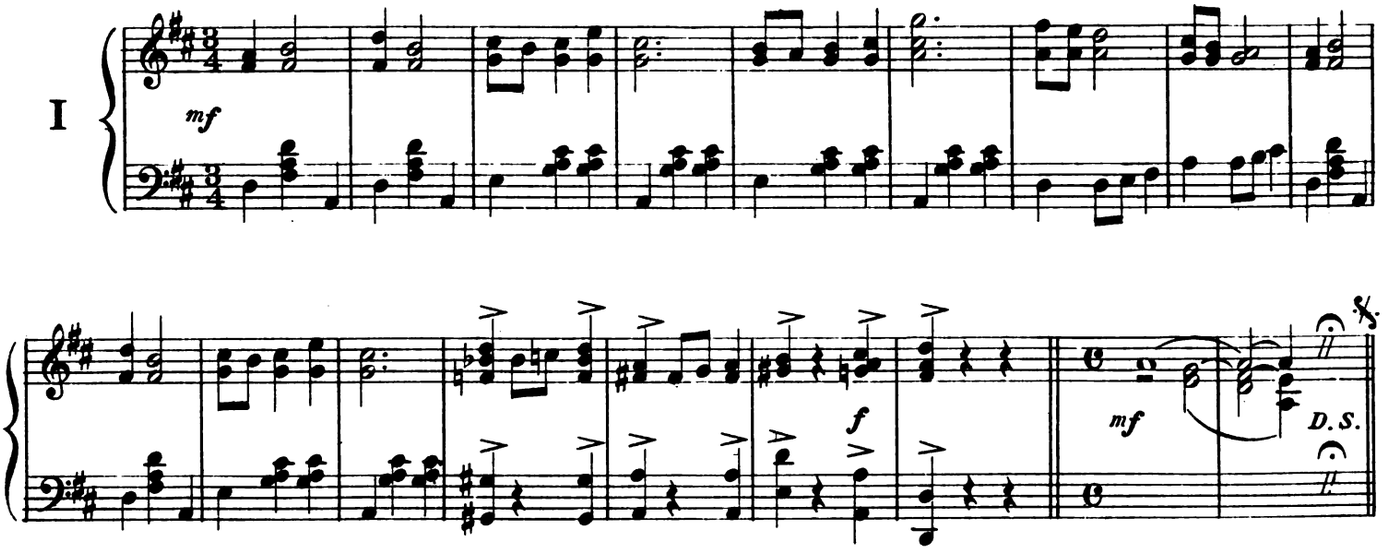
I. Valse. *II. Schottische.* *III. Vivace.*

Just like a Spanish girl. girl. girl.

Valse. *f* *Schottische.* *mf* *Vivace.* *f*

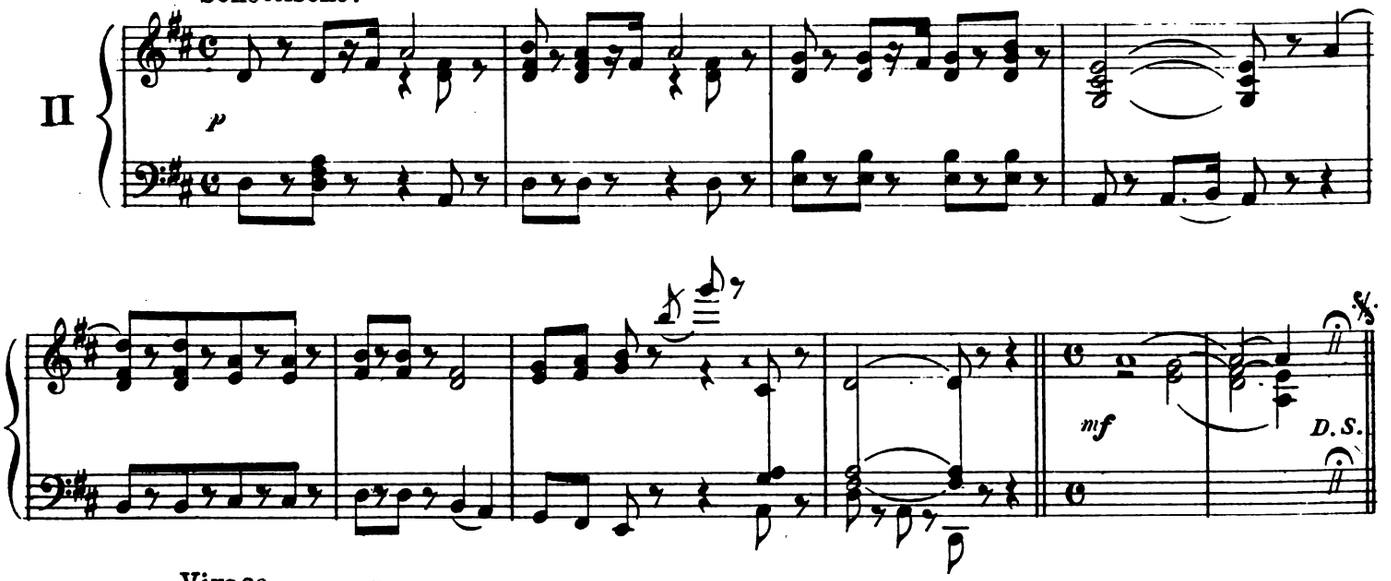
Valse.

I



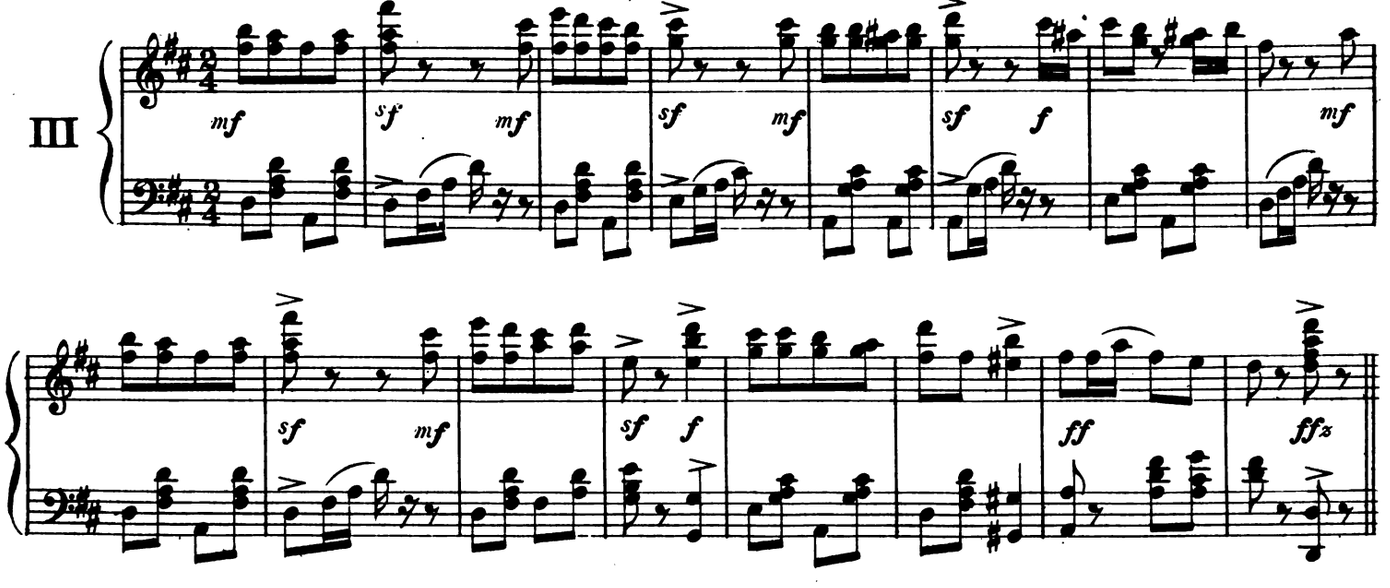
Schottische.

II



Vivace.

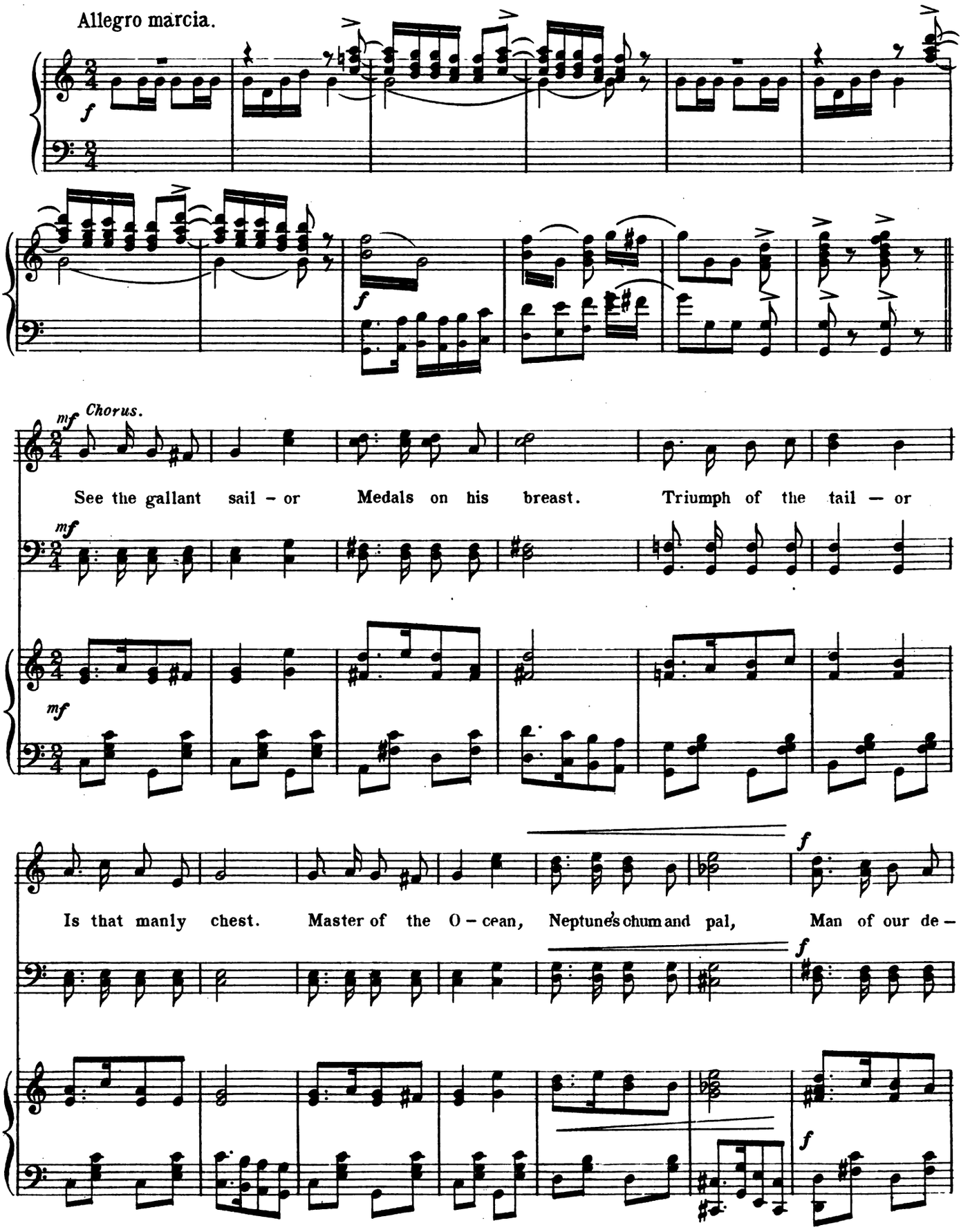
III

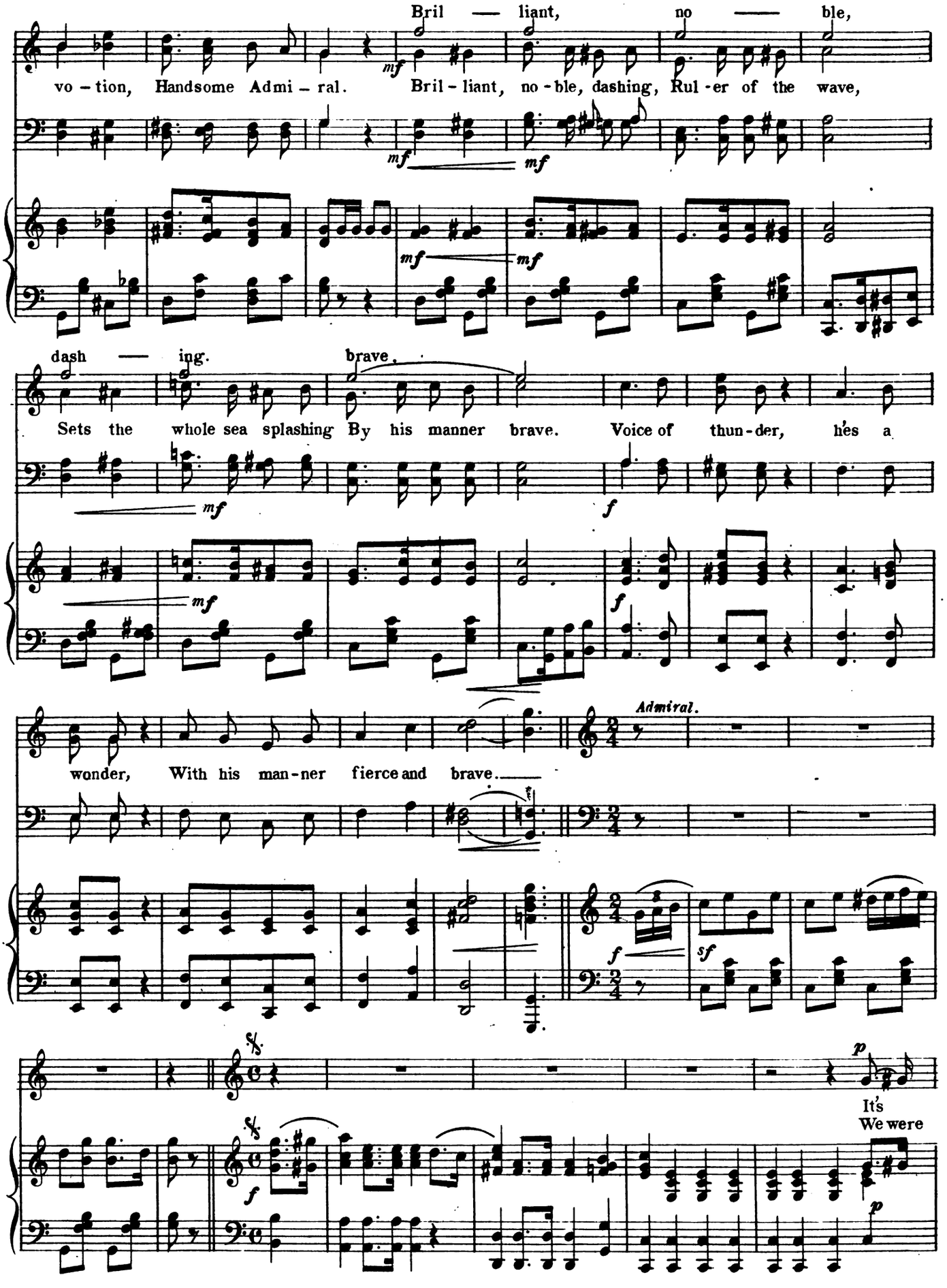


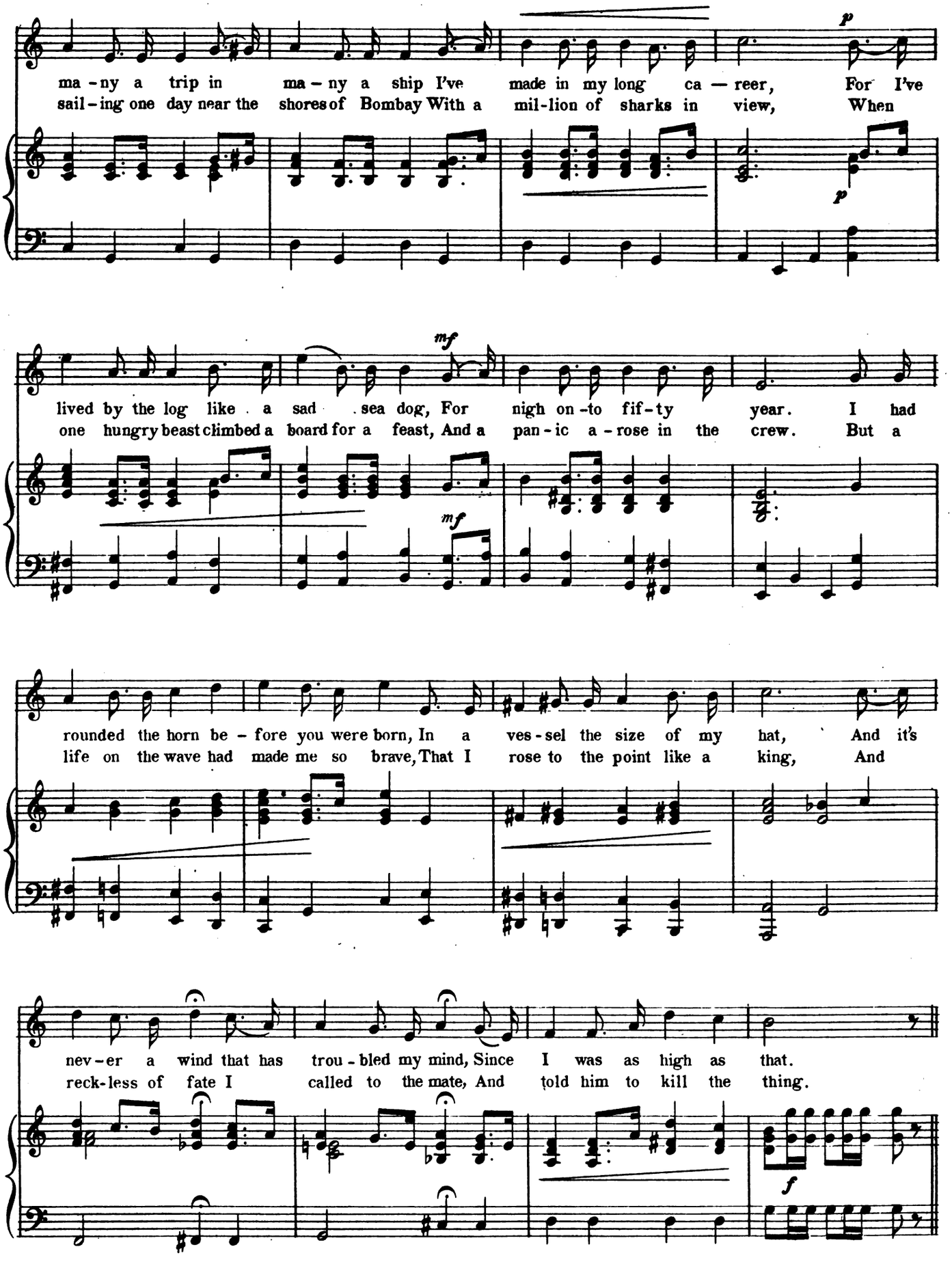
ACT I.

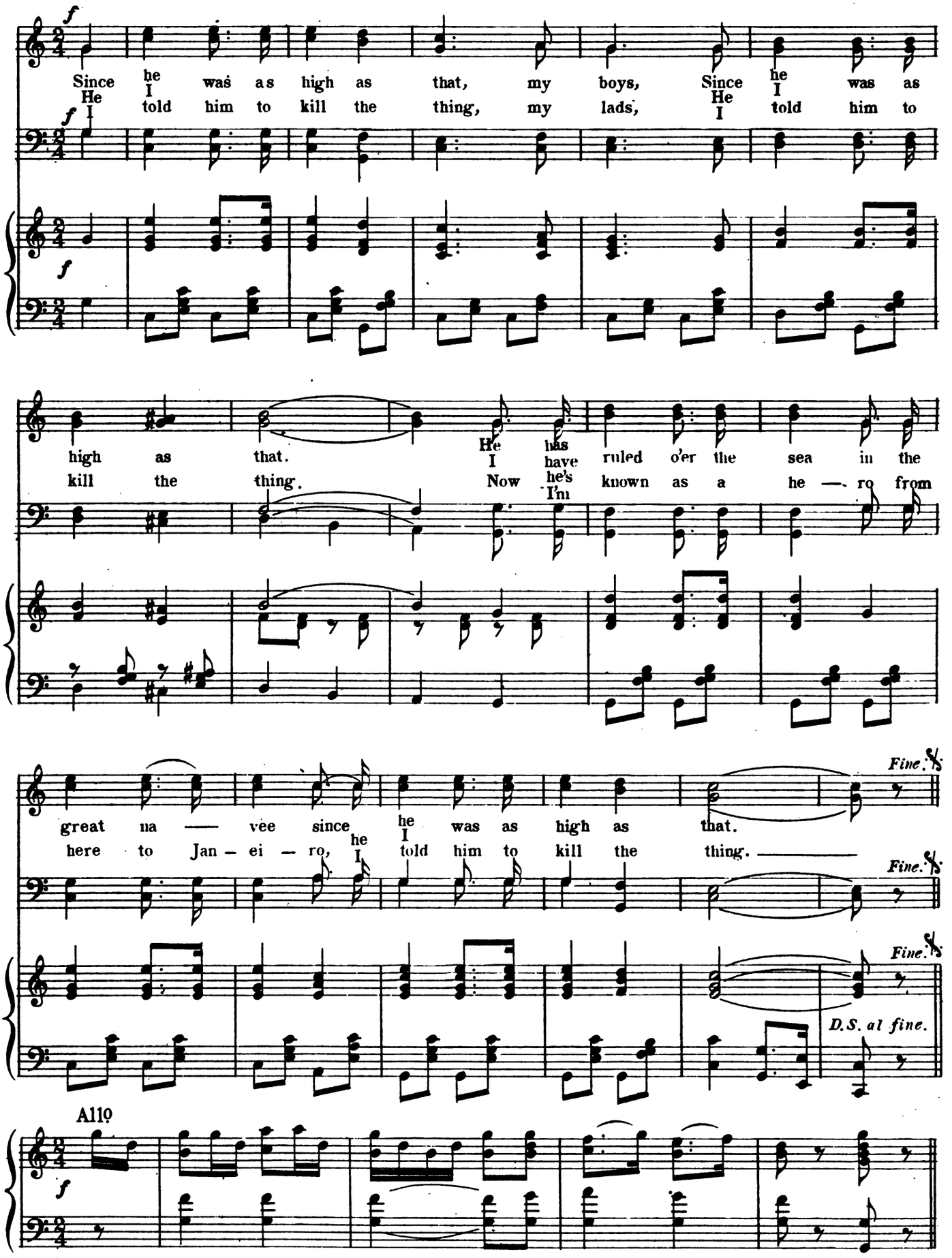
FINALE.

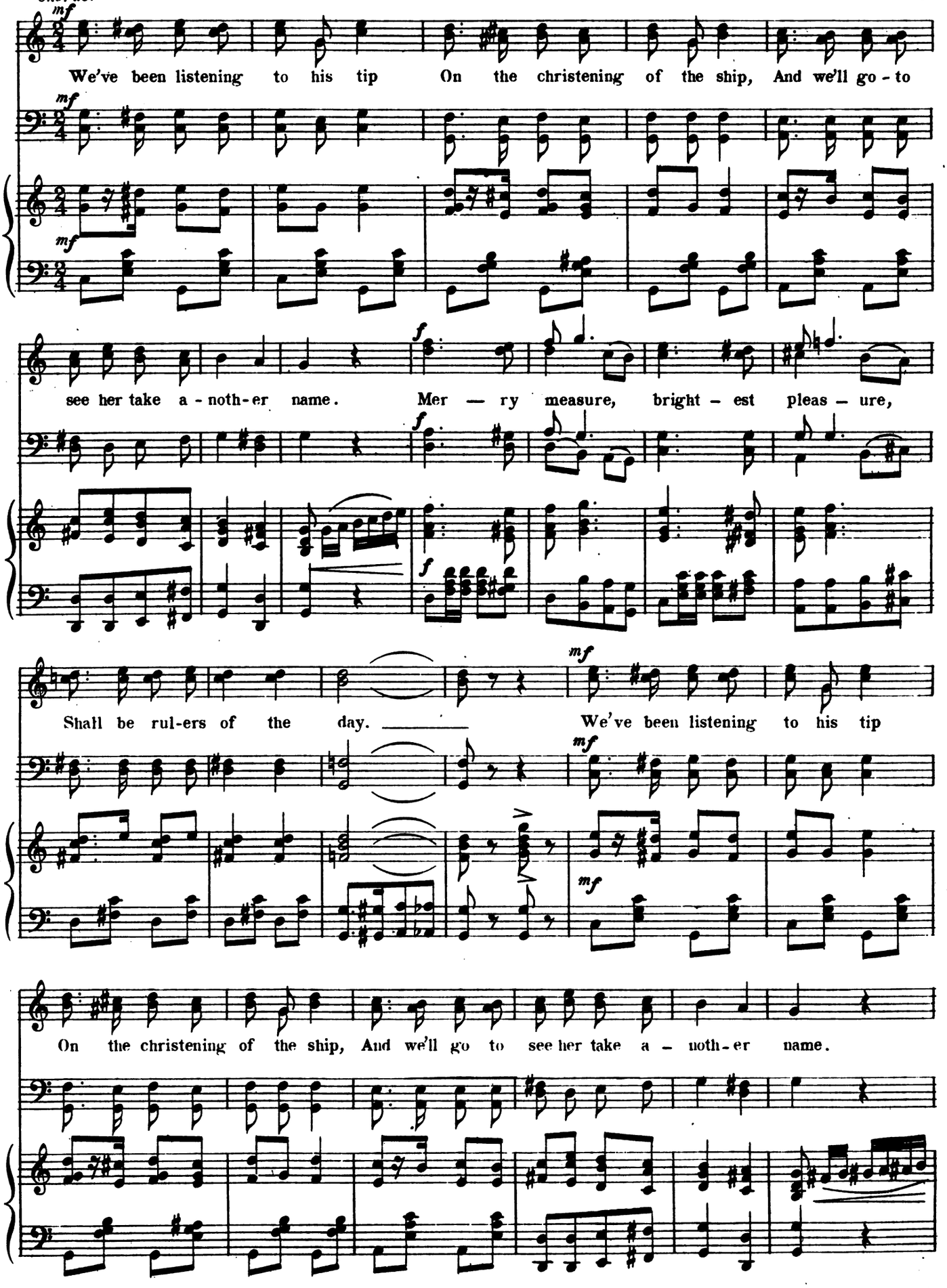
J.S. ZAMECNIK.

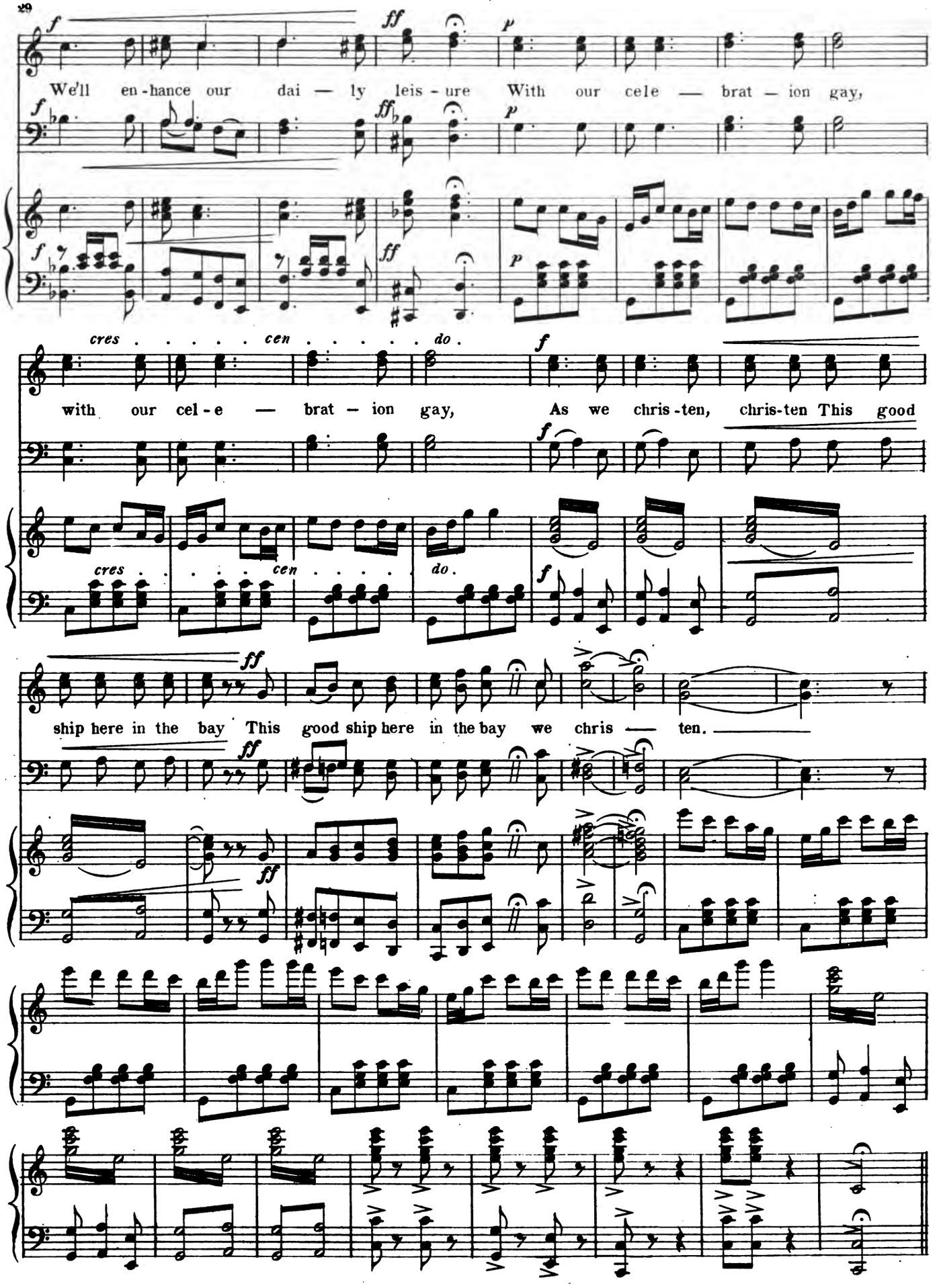



Bril — liant, no — ble,
vo - tion, Handsome Admi - ral. Bril - liant, no - ble, dashing, Rul - er of the wave,
dash — ing. brave.
Sets the whole sea splashing By his manner brave. Voice of thun - der, he's a
Admiral.
wonder, With his man - ner fierce and brave.
It's
We were


ma - ny a trip in ma - ny a ship I've made in my long ca - reer, For I've
sail - ing one day near the shores of Bombay With a mil - lion of sharks in view, When
p
p
lived by the log like a sad sea dog, For nigh on - to fif - ty year. I had
one hungry beast climbed a board for a feast, And a pan - ic a - rose in the crew. But a
mf
mf
rounded the horn be - fore you were born, In a ves - sel the size of my hat, And it's
life on the wave had made me so brave, That I rose to the point like a king, And
nev - er a wind that has trou - bled my mind, Since I was as high as that.
reck - less of fate I called to the mate, And told him to kill the thing.
f


Since he was as high as that, my boys, Since he was as
He I told him to kill the thing, my lads, He I told him to
I I
high as that. He has I have ruled o'er the sea in the
kill the thing. Now he's I'm known as a he — ro from
great na — vee since he was as high as that.
here to Jan — ei — ro, he I told him to kill the thing.
Fine.
Fine.
Fine.
D.S. al fine.
Allo

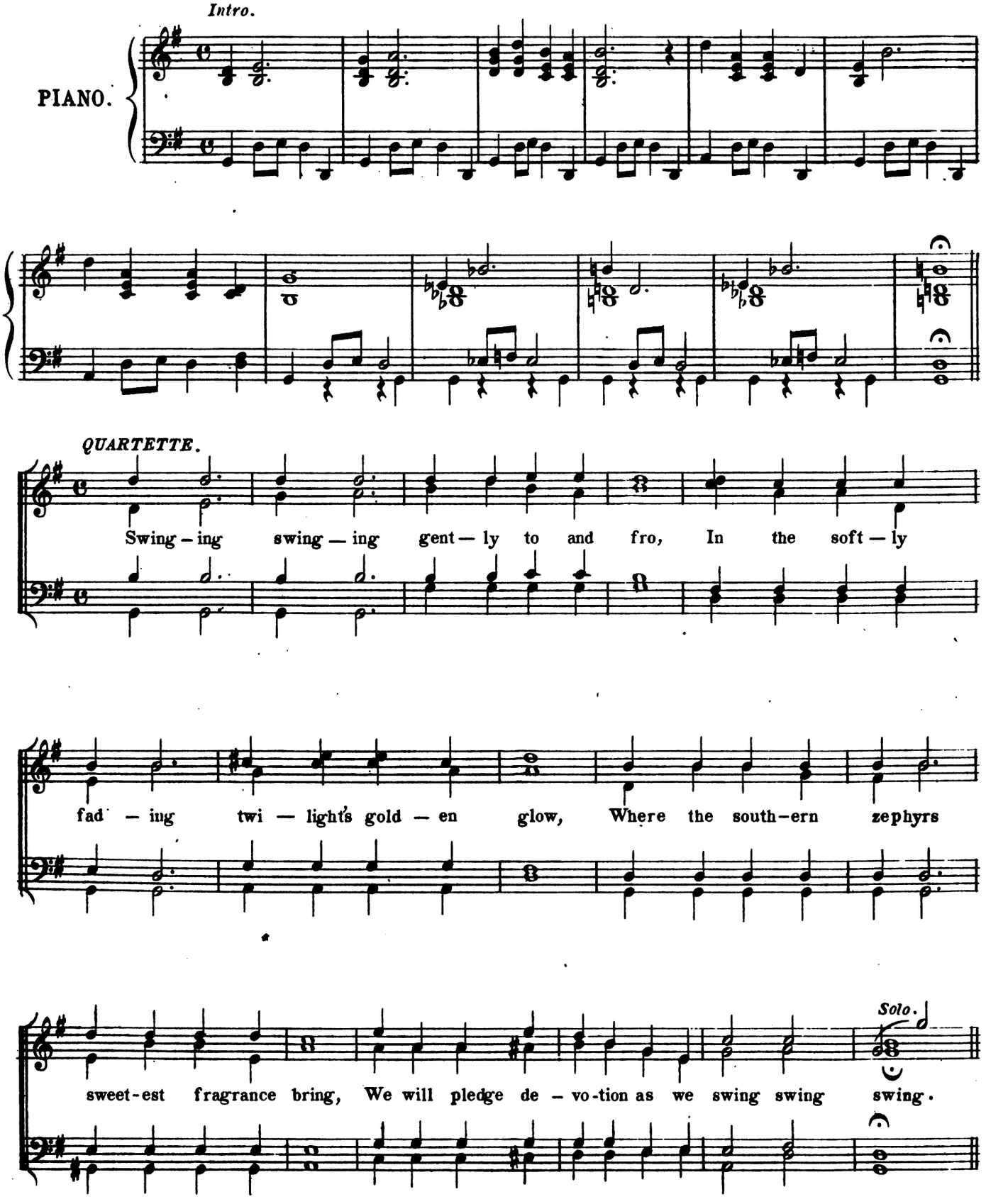

mf
We've been listening to his tip On the christening of the ship, And we'll go - to
mf
mf
see her take a - noth-er name. Mer — ry measure, bright - est pleas - ure,
f
f
f
Shall be rul-ers of the day. We've been listening to his tip
mf
mf
On the christening of the ship, And we'll go to see her take a - noth-er name.


We'll en-hance our dai — ly leis-ure With our cele — brat — ion gay,
cres . . . . . cen . . . . . do.
with our cel-e — brat — ion gay, As we chris-ten, chris-ten This good
ship here in the bay This good ship here in the bay we chris — ten.

SWINGING IN THE TWILIGHT.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

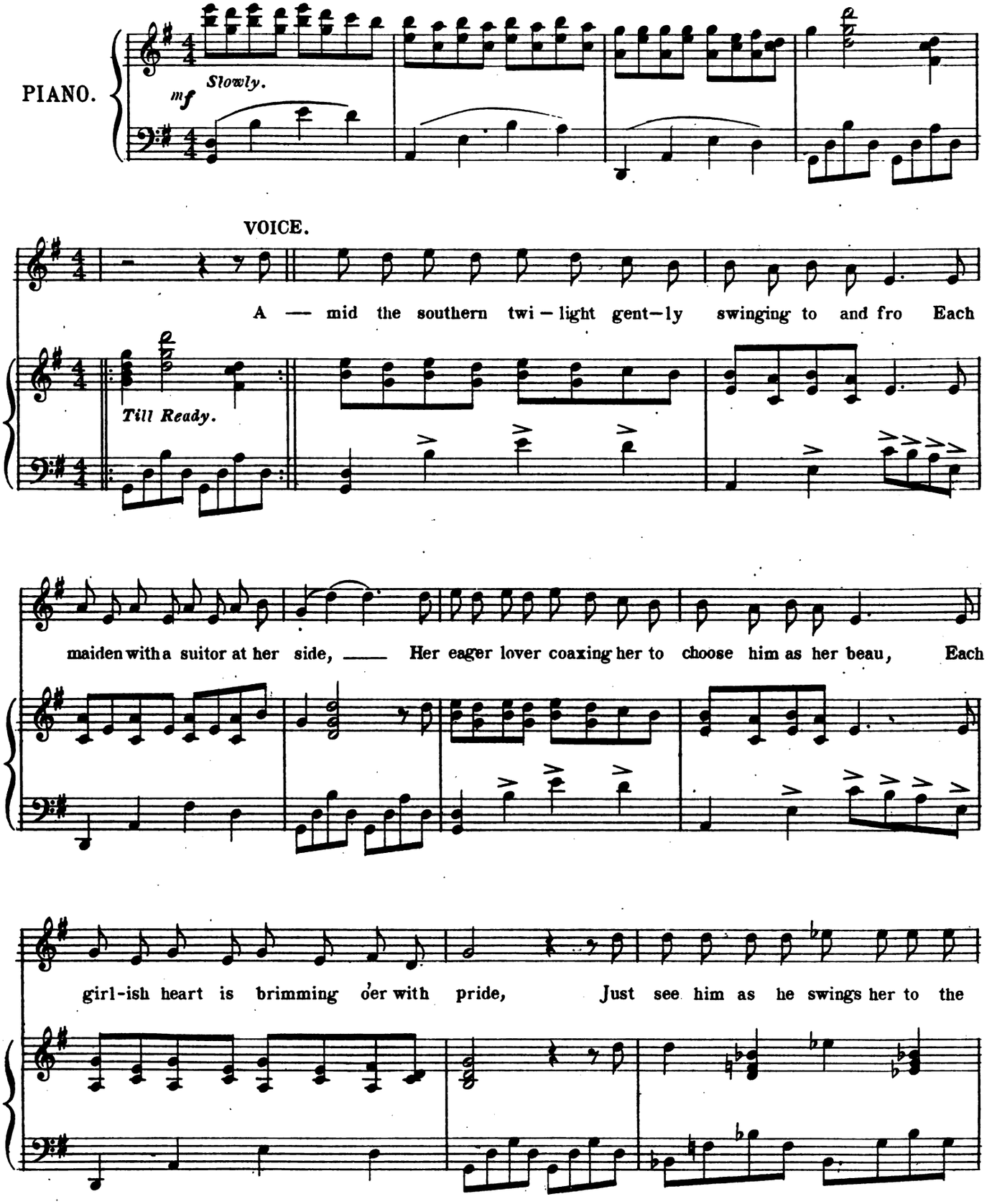
R.S.SPENCER.

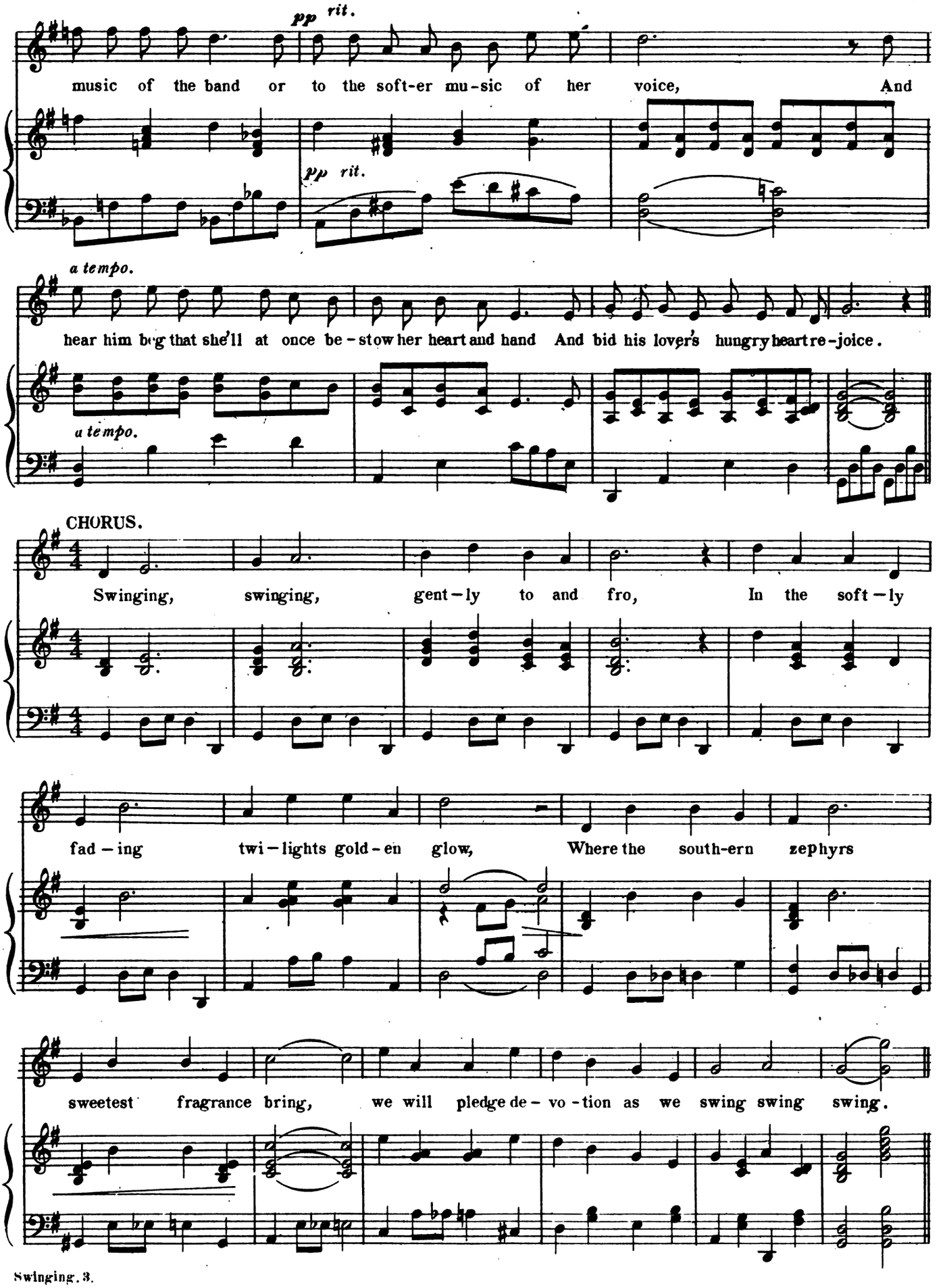


SWINGING IN THE TWILIGHT.

SOLO.

R.S.SPENCER.

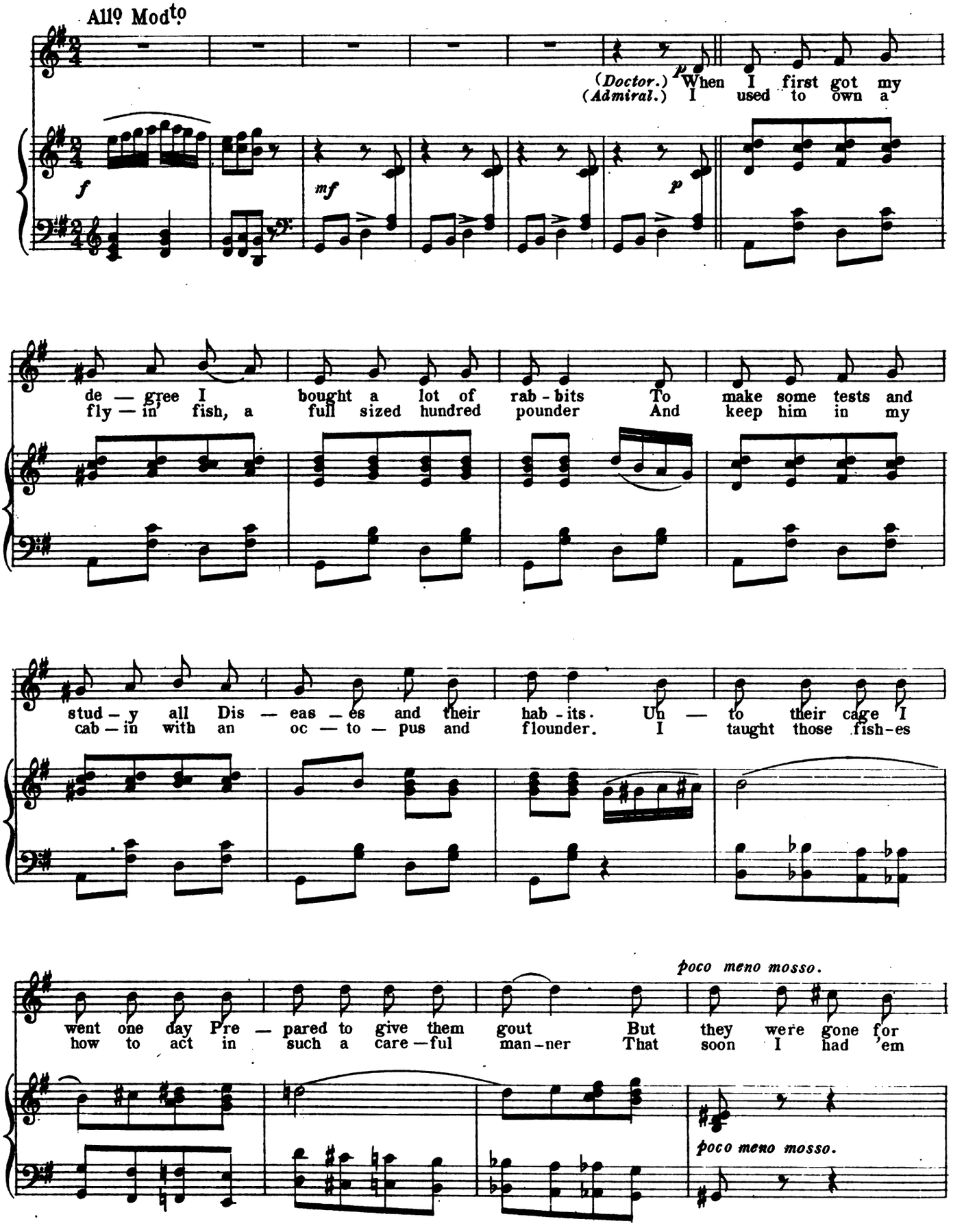


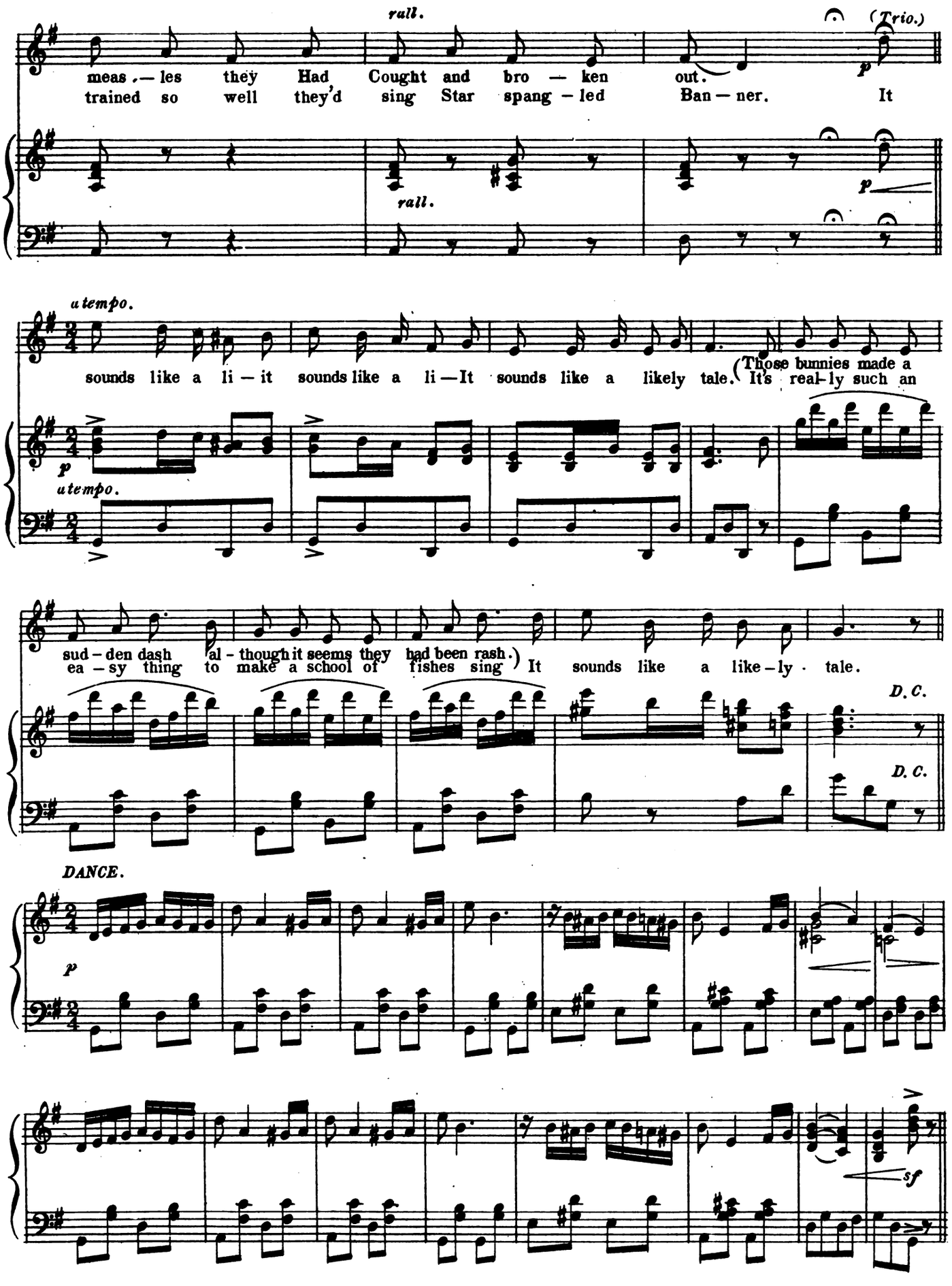

pp rit.
music of the band or to the soft-er mu-sic of her voice, And
pp rit.
a tempo.
hear him beg that she'll at once be-stow her heart and hand And bid his lover's hungry heart re-joice.
a tempo.
CHORUS.
Swinging, swinging, gent-ly to and fro, In the soft-ly
fad-ing twi-lights gold-en glow, Where the south-ern zephyrs
sweetest fragrance bring, we will pledge de-vo-tion as we swing swing swing.

NATURE FAKES.

TRIO.

J.S.ZAMECNIK.




rall.
(Trio.)
meas.— les they Had Cought and bro — ken out.
trained so well they'd sing Star spang — led Ban — ner. It
rall.
p
p
utempo.
sounds like a li — it sounds like a li — It sounds like a likely tale. (Those bunnies made a
It's real-ly such an
p
utempo.
sud — den dash al - though it seems they had been rash.)
ea — sy thing to make a school of fishes sing It sounds like a like — ly · tale.
D. C.
D. C.
DANCE.
p
sf

THE SHIVERY MOON.

J. S. ZAMECNIK.

Mod^to

f *p*

p

All 'round a-bout the old plan - ta — tion Pick'ninnies tremble with fright.

p

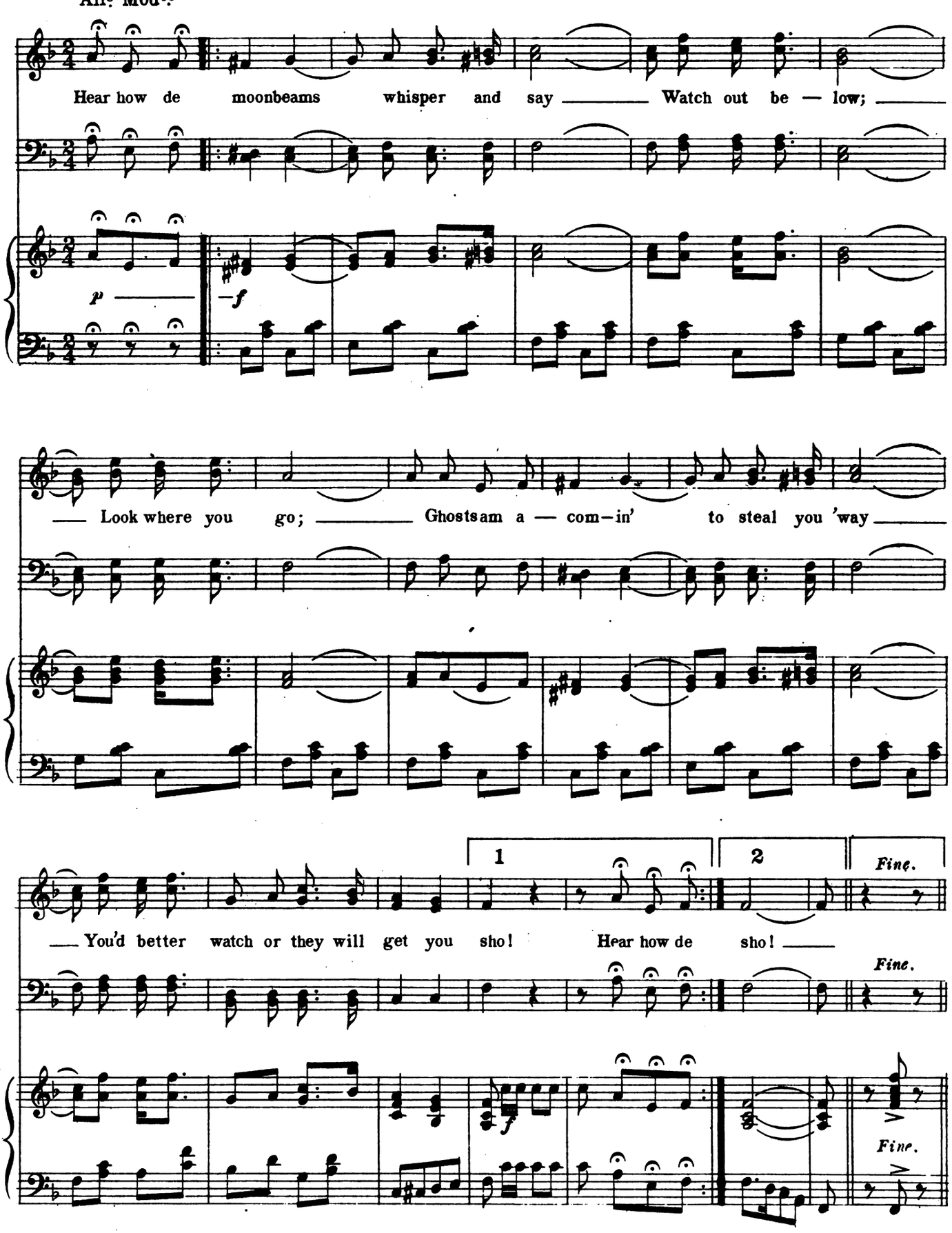
Dere's somethin makes'em start and shiv — er And steal a-way — from sight.

It's when de moon is in the dark — ness, Away behind de big black cloud.

poco rall.

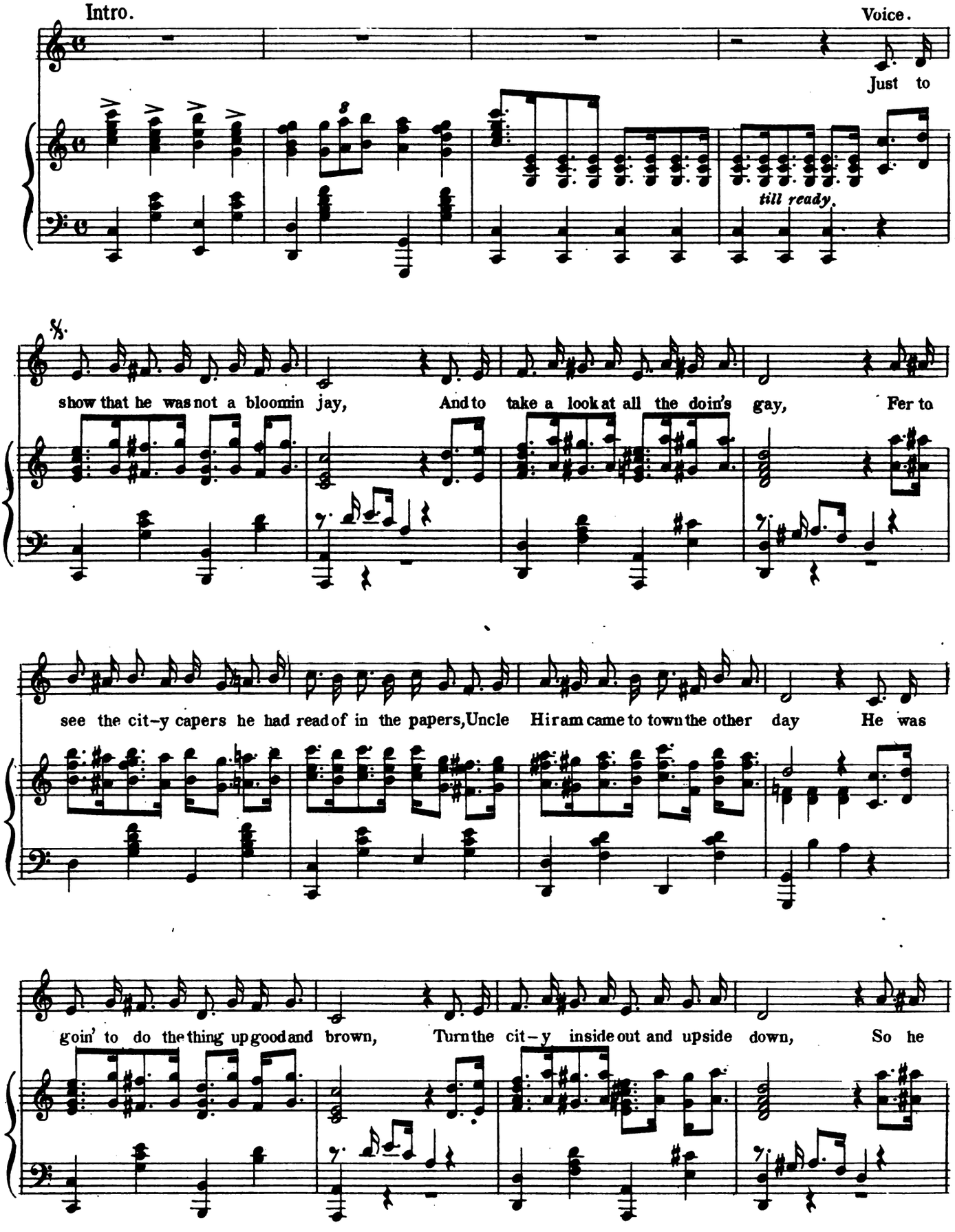
Dat ghosts will come an' steal dem chil — lun Hush! Dont you talk — out loud

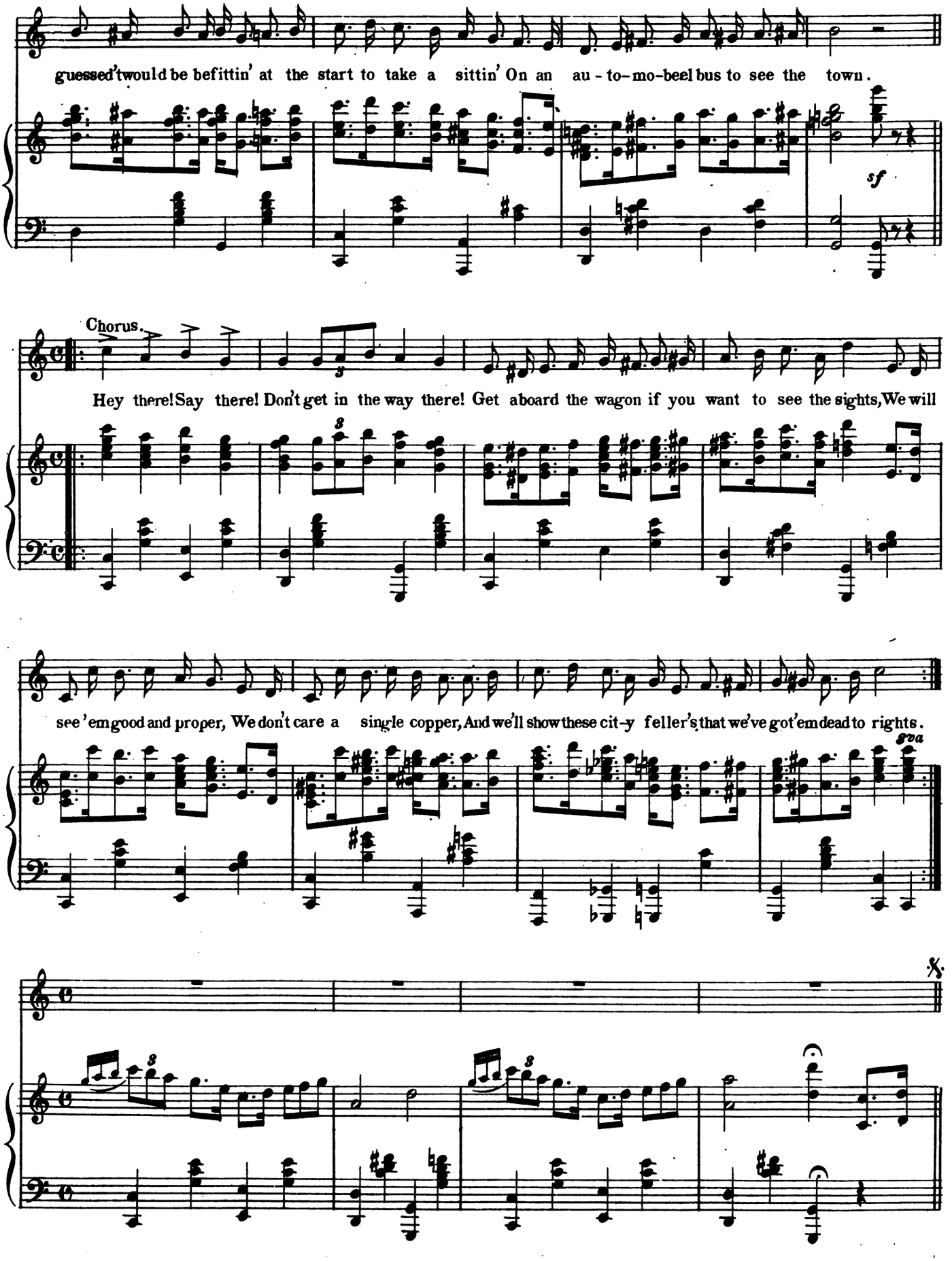
poco rall.


Allo Modto
Hear how de moonbeams whisper and say Watch out be — low;
p
f
Look where you go; Ghostsam a — com—in' to steal you 'way
1
2
Fine.
You'd better watch or they will get you sho! Hear how de sho!
Fine.
Fine.

GET ABOARD THE WAGON.

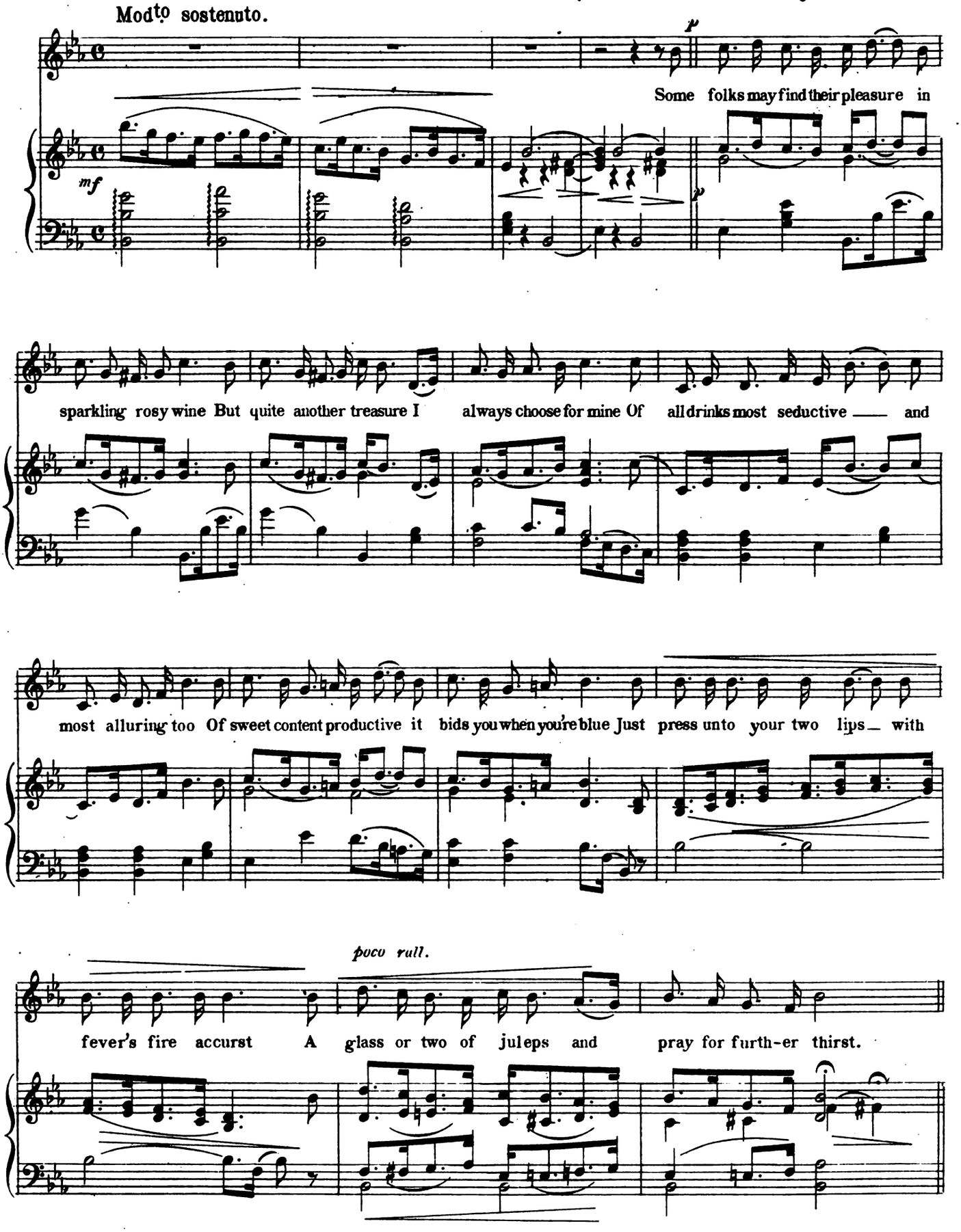
H.L.SANFORD.



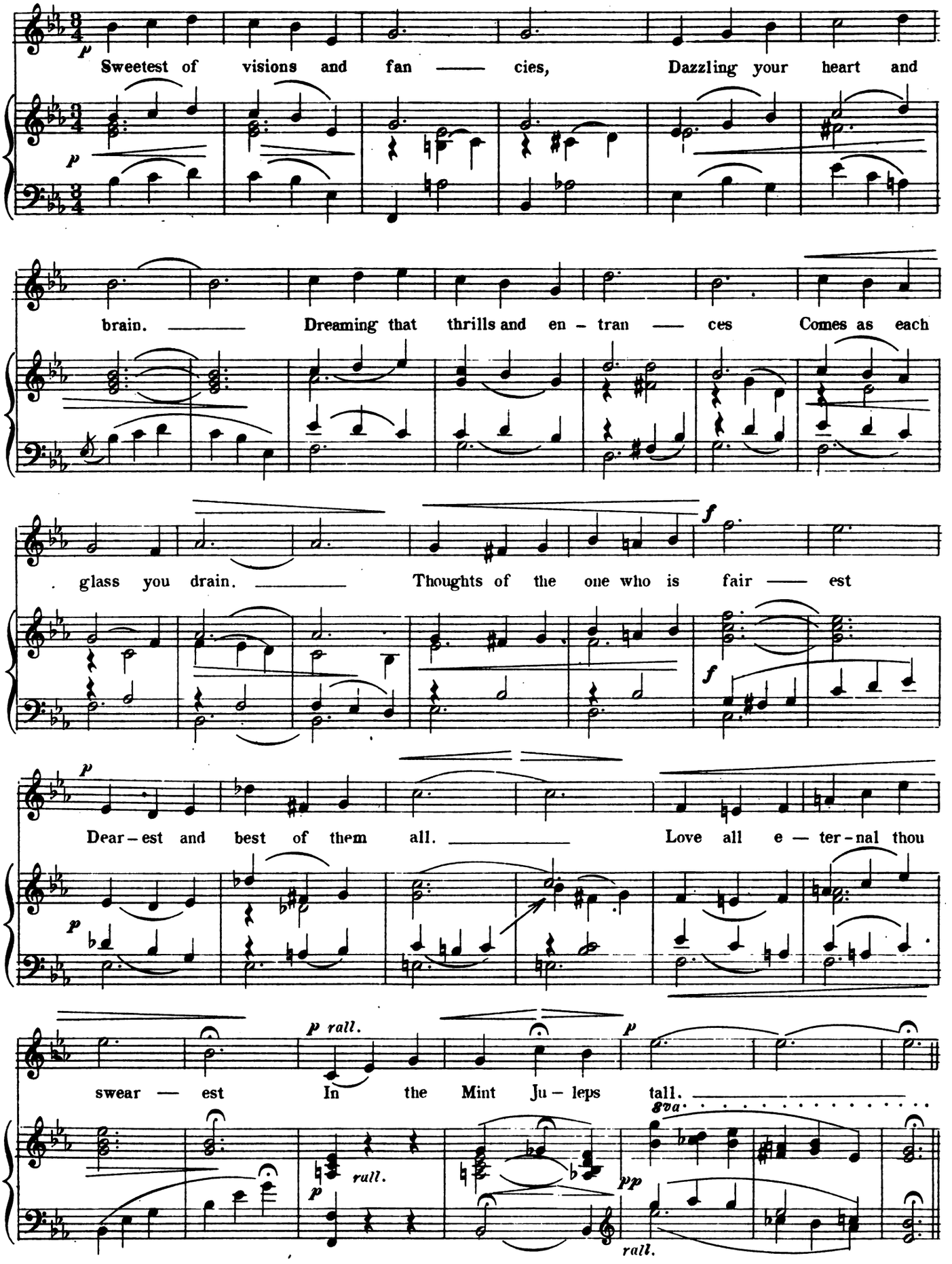

guessed 'twould be befittin' at the start to take a sittin' On an au - to - mo - beel bus to see the town.
sf
Chorus.
Hey there! Say there! Don't get in the way there! Get aboard the wagon if you want to see the sights, We will
see 'em good and proper, We don't care a single copper, And we'll show these cit - y feller's that we've got 'em dead to rights.
8va
8
8

THE MINT JULEP.

J.S.ZAMECNIK.

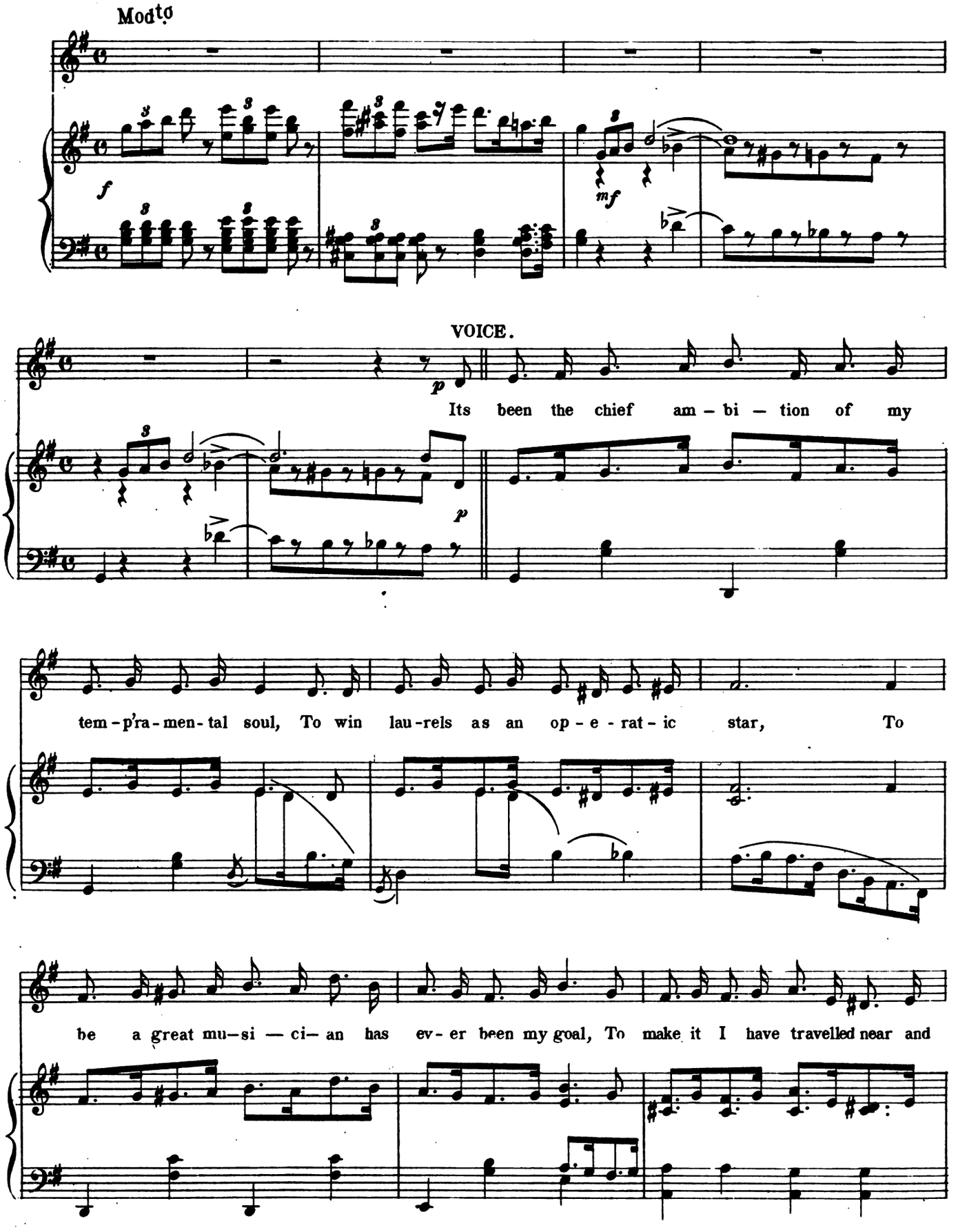


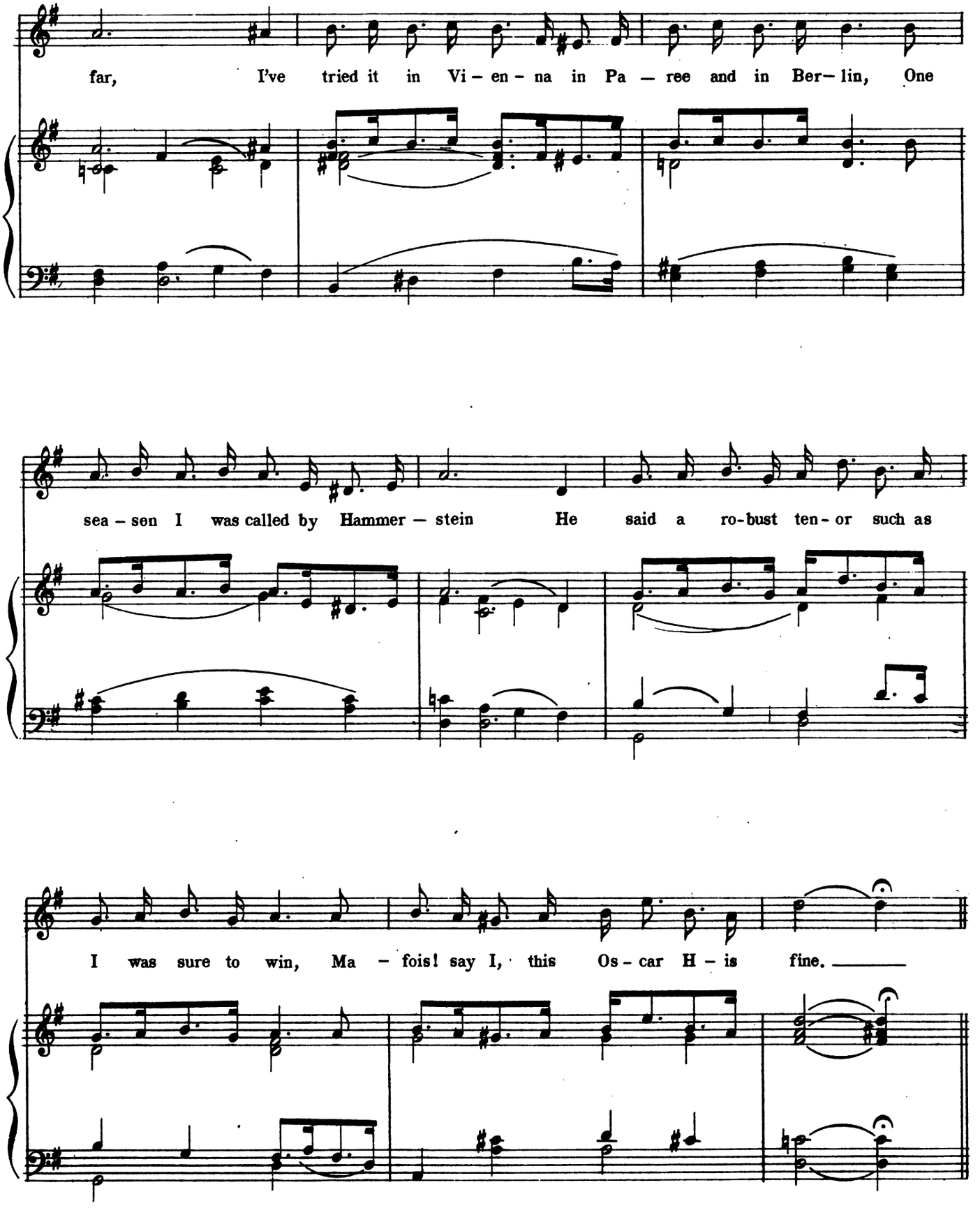
Valse moderato.



I DIDNT SEEM TO GET IN RIGHT.

J. S. ZAMECNIK.




far, I've tried it in Vi – en – na in Pa – ree and in Ber– lin, One
sea – son I was called by Hammer – stein He said a ro-bust ten- or such as
I was sure to win, Ma – fois! say I, this Os – car H – is fine.

CHORUS.

But I did – n't seem to get in right, That is to say at least not

quite, Hammerstein said he had great need for such a throat, And told his cos-tum-er to get

me a long tailed coat, Now go said he be-low, and call cabs af-ter the show, No I

did nt seem to get in right, No I did – n't seem to get in right.

mf

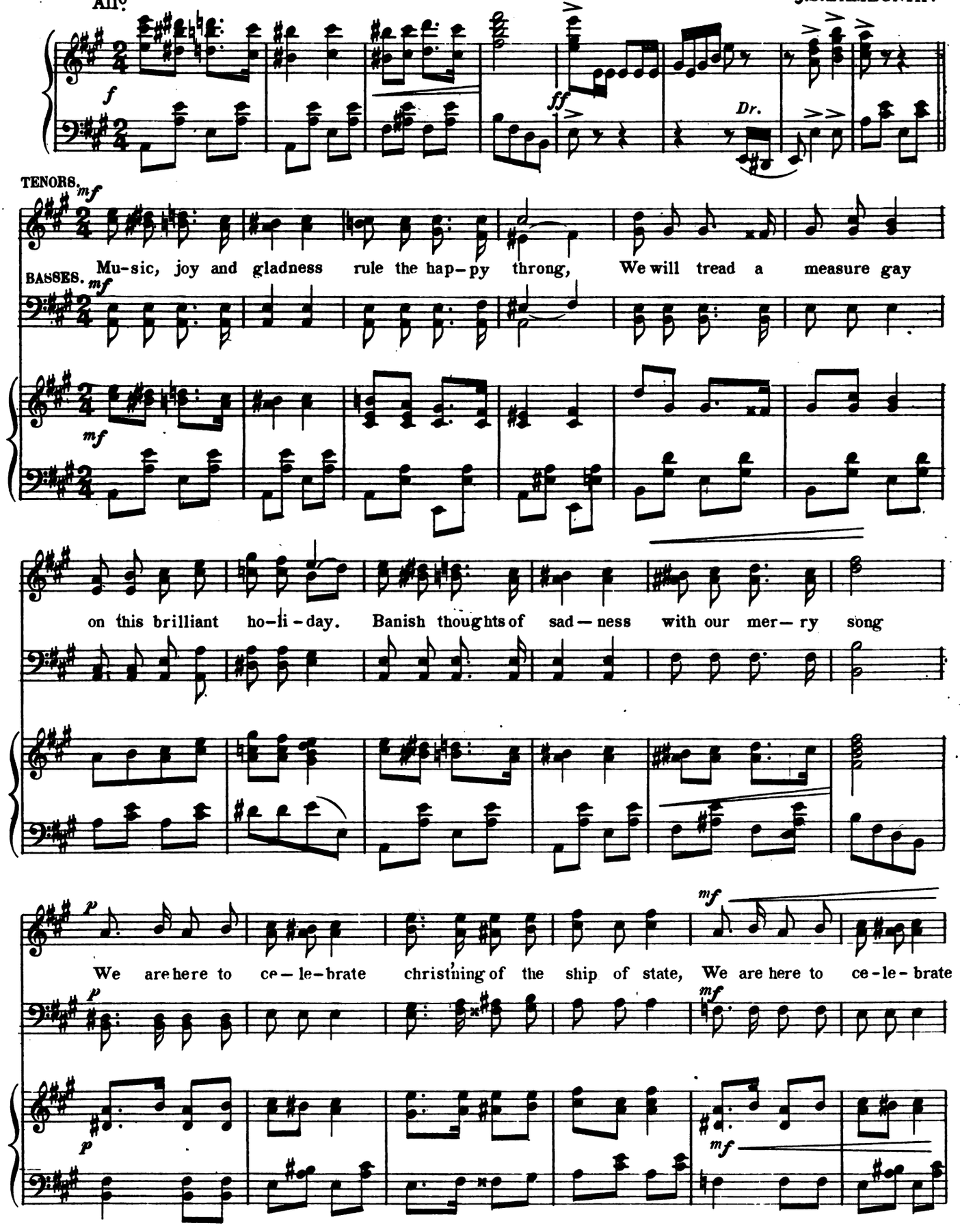
sf

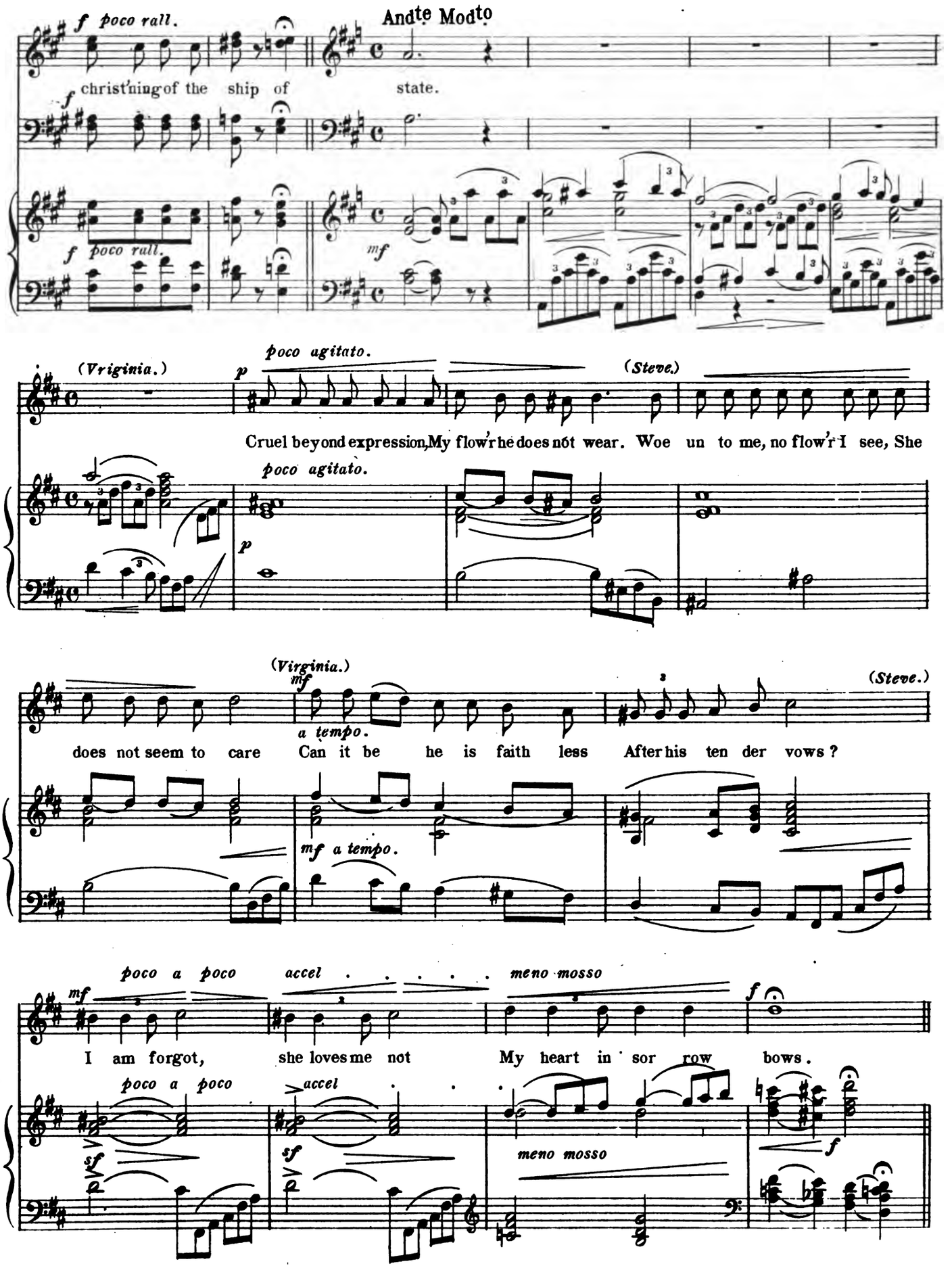
ACT II.

FINALE.

All⁹

J.S.ZAMECNIK.




f poco rall.
Andte Modto
christ'ning of the ship of state.
f poco rall.
mf
(Vriginia.)
poco agitato.
p
(Steve.)
Cruel beyond expression, My flow'r he does nót wear. Woe un to me, no flow'r I see, She
poco agitato.
p
(Virginia.)
mf
(Steve.)
does not seem to care Can it be he is faith less After his ten der vows ?
a tempo.
mf a tempo.
mf
poco a poco
accel
meno mosso
f
I am forgot, she loves me not My heart in sor row bows.
poco a poco
accel
meno mosso
sf
sf
f

Andte Modto

(Quartette.)

mf This is in-deed pa — the — tic Something has gone a — wry.

p

This is no jest, both are distressed. Somebody tell us why.

poco . . rall . . . . . .

p

poco . . rall . .

(Sextette.)

a tempo.

Virginia. mf Sadly I read the message Rending our love in — twain

Tom. mf Sadly they read the message Rending their love in — twain

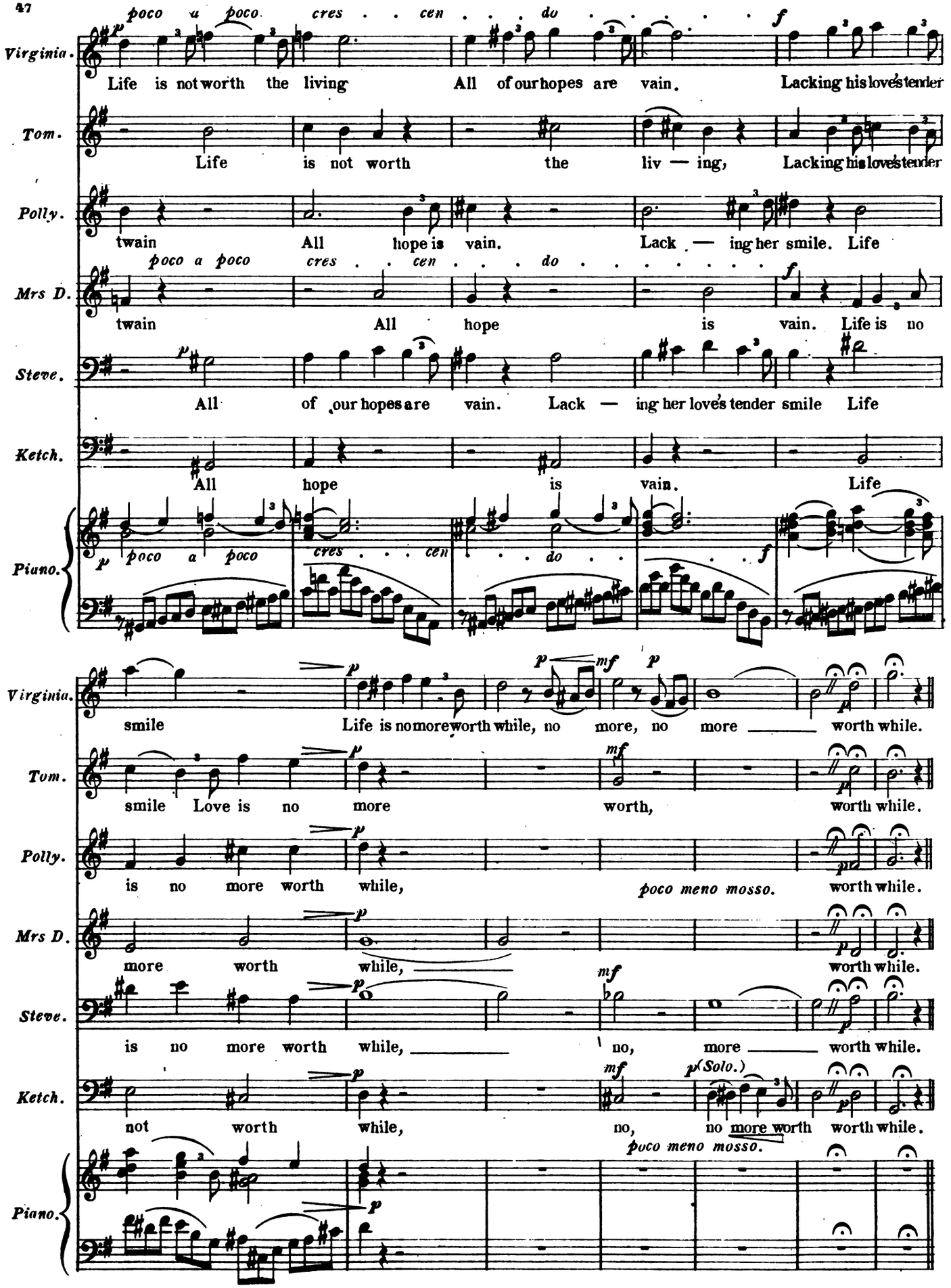
a tempo. mf

Polly. Mrs D. Sadly they read the message, Rend ing their love in —

Steve. mf Sadly I read the message Rending our love in — twain

Ketch. mf Sadly they read the message Rending their love in — twain

Piano. mf a tempo.


Virginia.
poco a poco cres . . cen . . . do . . . . . f
Life is not worth the living All of our hopes are vain. Lacking his love's tender
Tom.
Life is not worth the liv — ing, Lacking his love's tender
Polly.
twain All hope is vain. Lack — ing her smile. Life
Mrs D.
poco a poco cres . . cen . . . do . . . . . f
twain All hope is vain. Life is no
Steve.
All of our hopes are vain. Lack — ing her love's tender smile Life
Ketch.
All hope is vain. Life
Piano.
p poco a poco cres . . . cen . . . do . . . f
Virginia.
p mf p
smile Life is no more worth while, no more, no more worth while.
Tom.
p mf
smile Love is no more worth, worth while.
Polly.
p
is no more worth while, poco meno mosso. worth while.
Mrs D.
p
more worth while, worth while.
Steve.
p mf
is no more worth while, no, more worth while.
Ketch.
p mf p (Solo.)
not worth while, no, no more worth worth while.
poco meno mosso.
Piano.
p

Virginia.

Steve.

Valse.

p

Why this sor — row voic — ing my

p

Why should I grieve when the oth-ers are gay — Hopes that de-

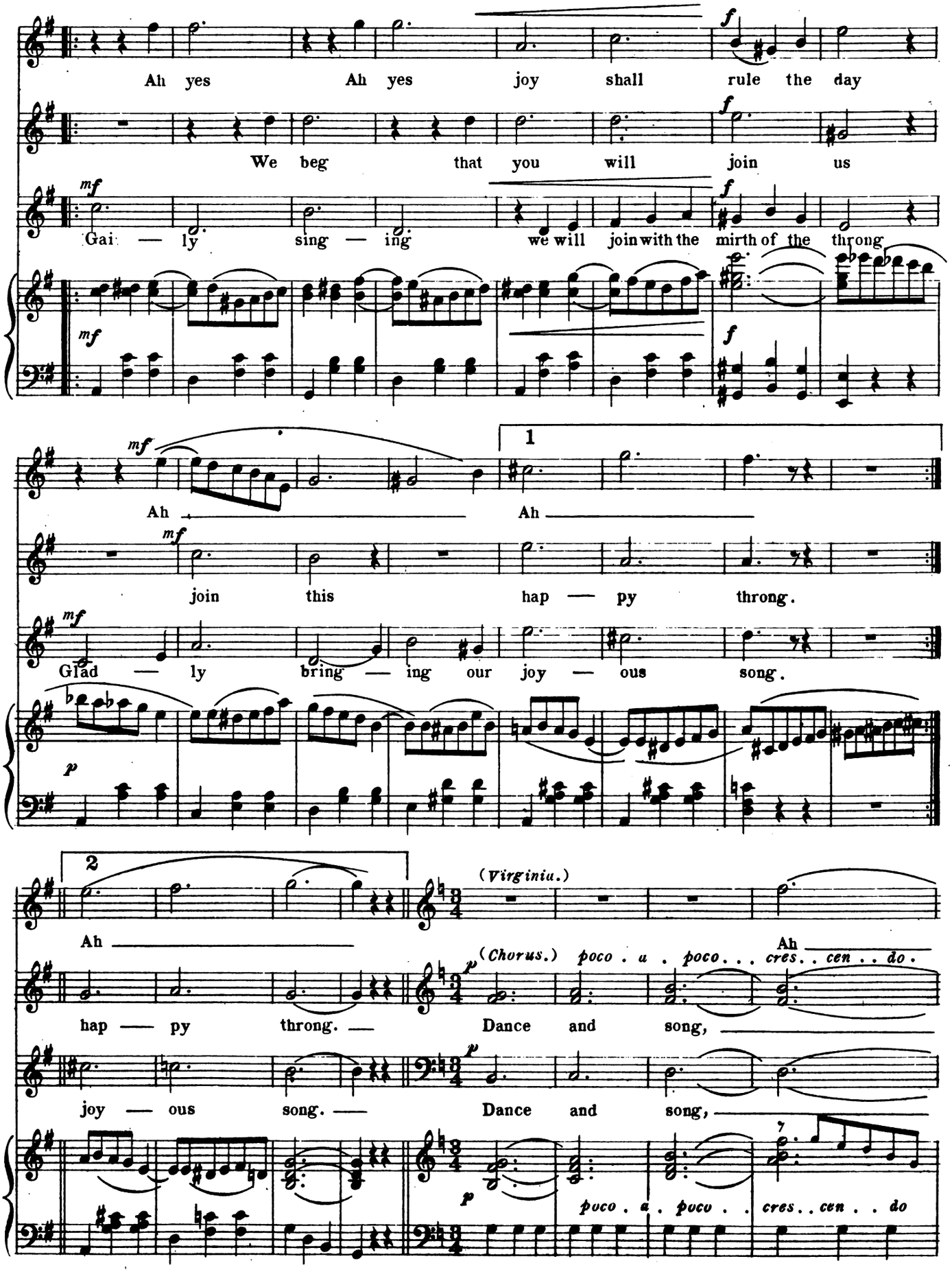
own bur— den of pain Let me bor — row joy from the throng's

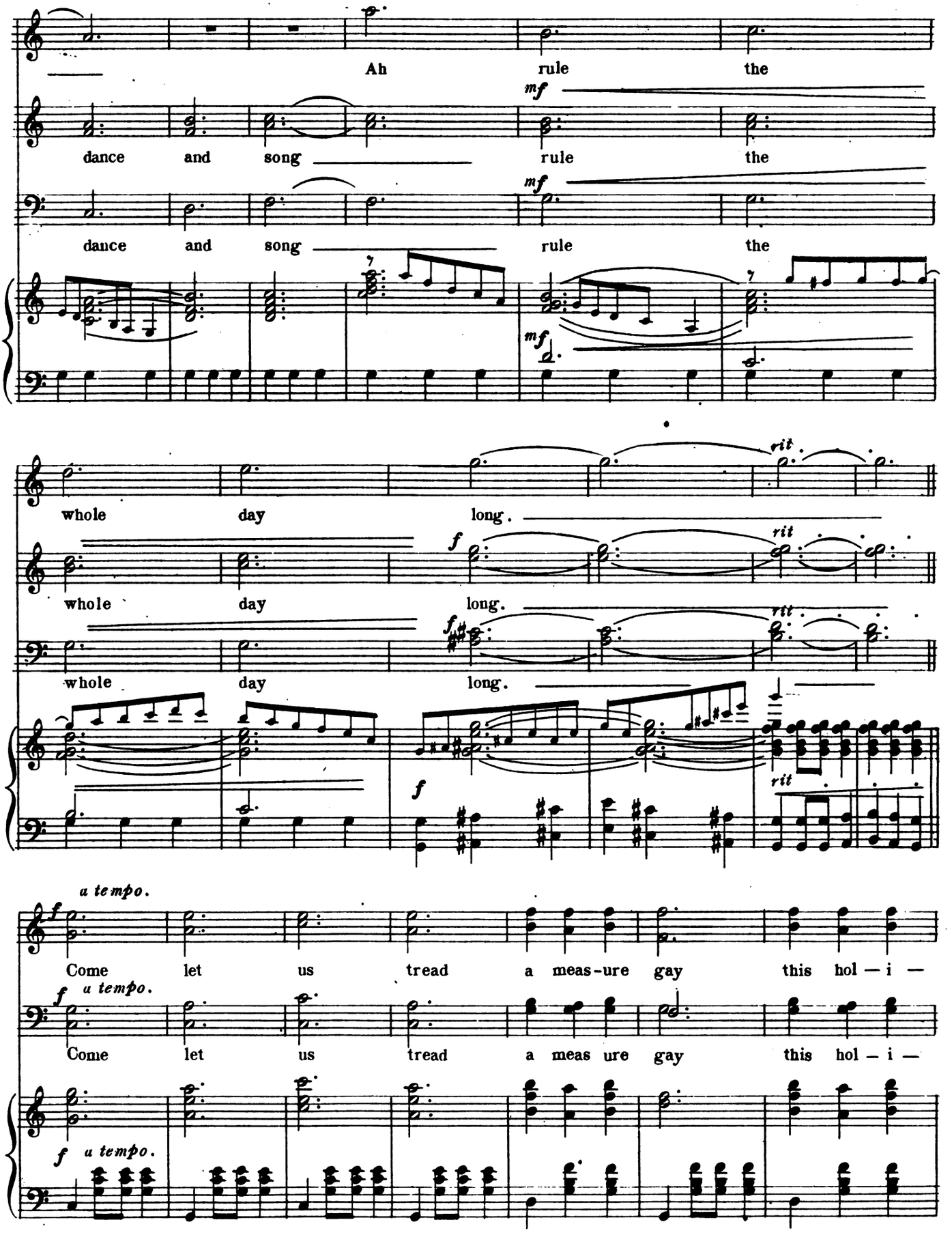
ceive quickly vanish a — way — Let us a-chieve brightest

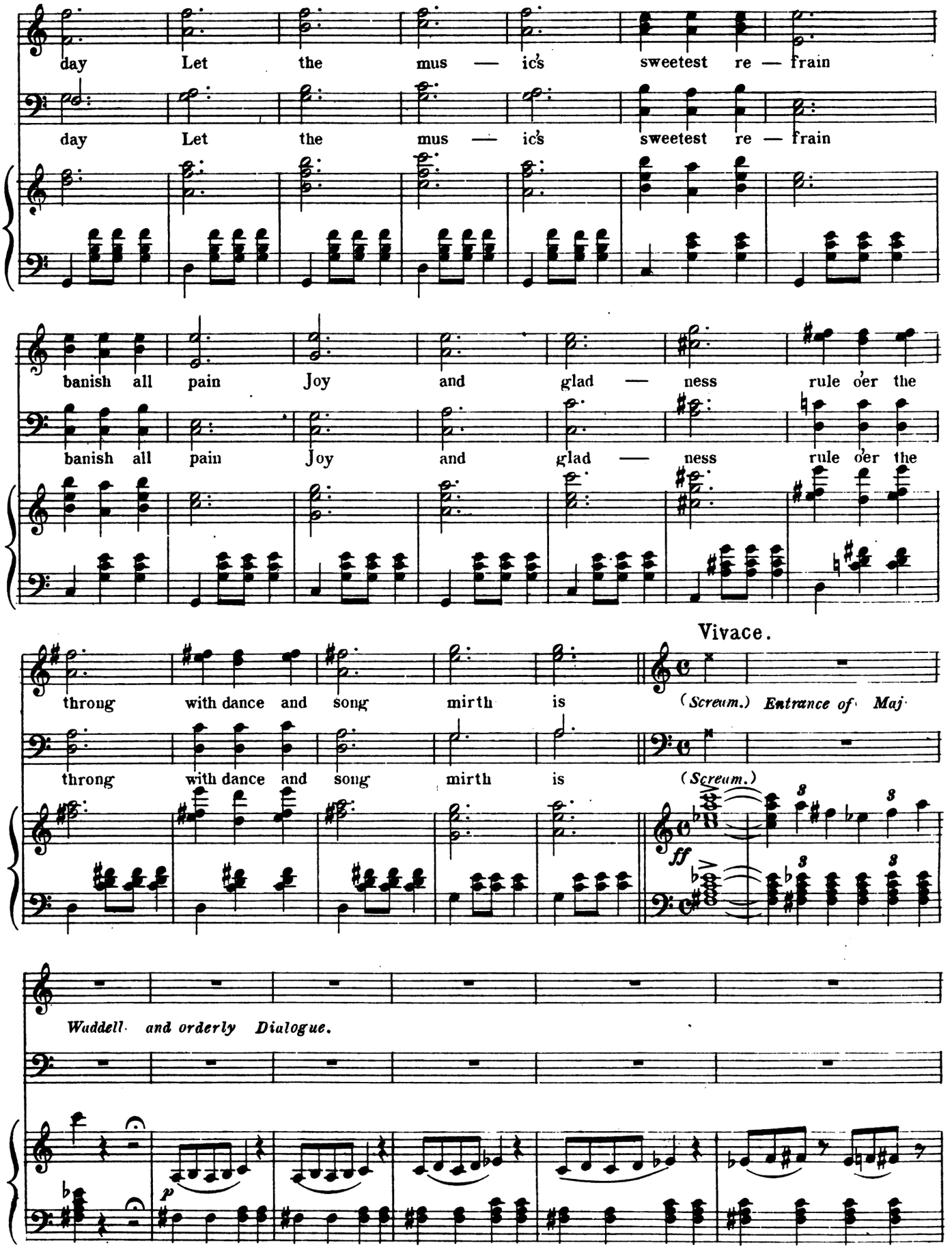
mer-ry re — frain Tho' the mor — row bringeth it's woes o — ver a-

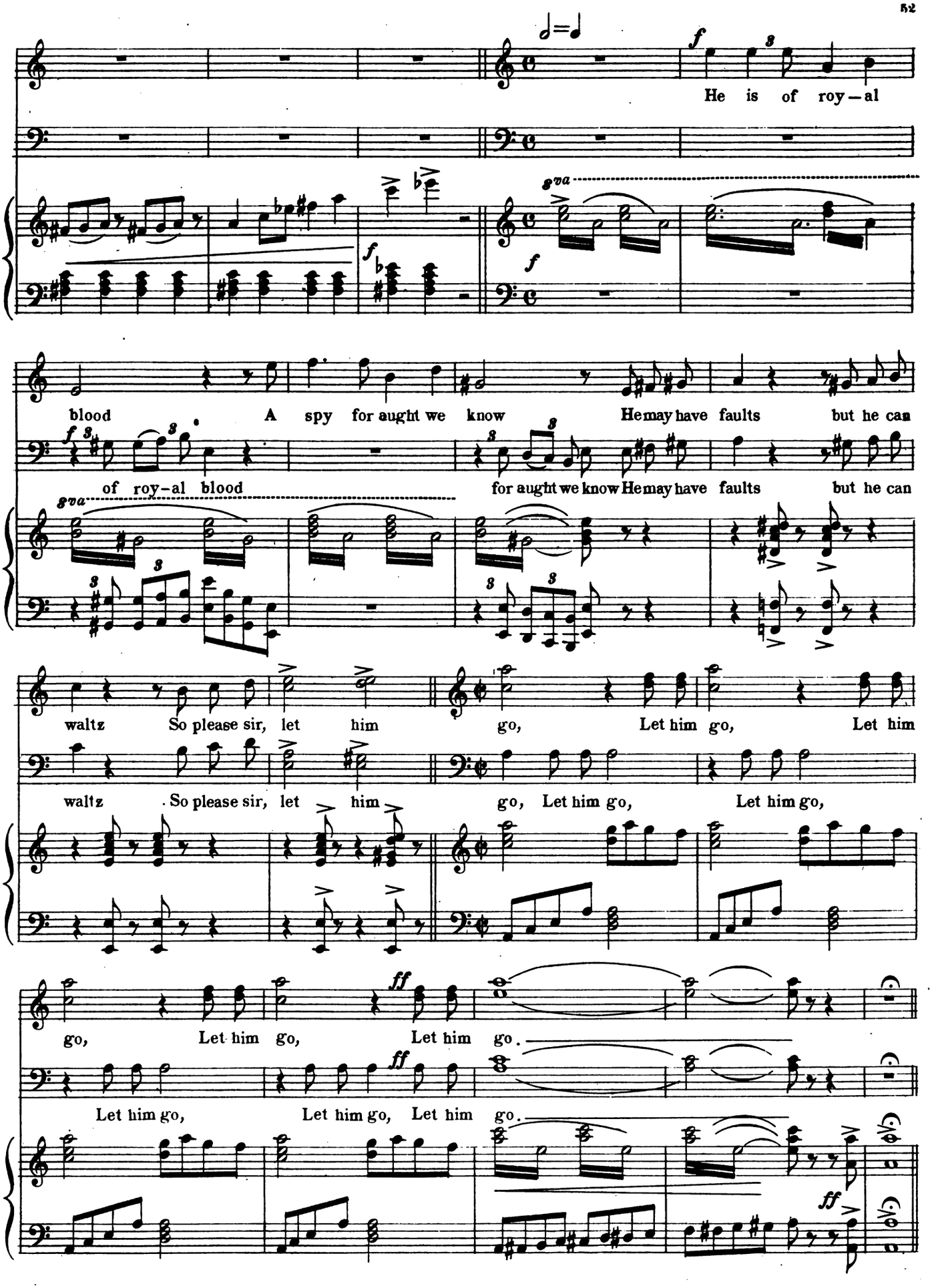
joy for the day — Come — let us be gay. —

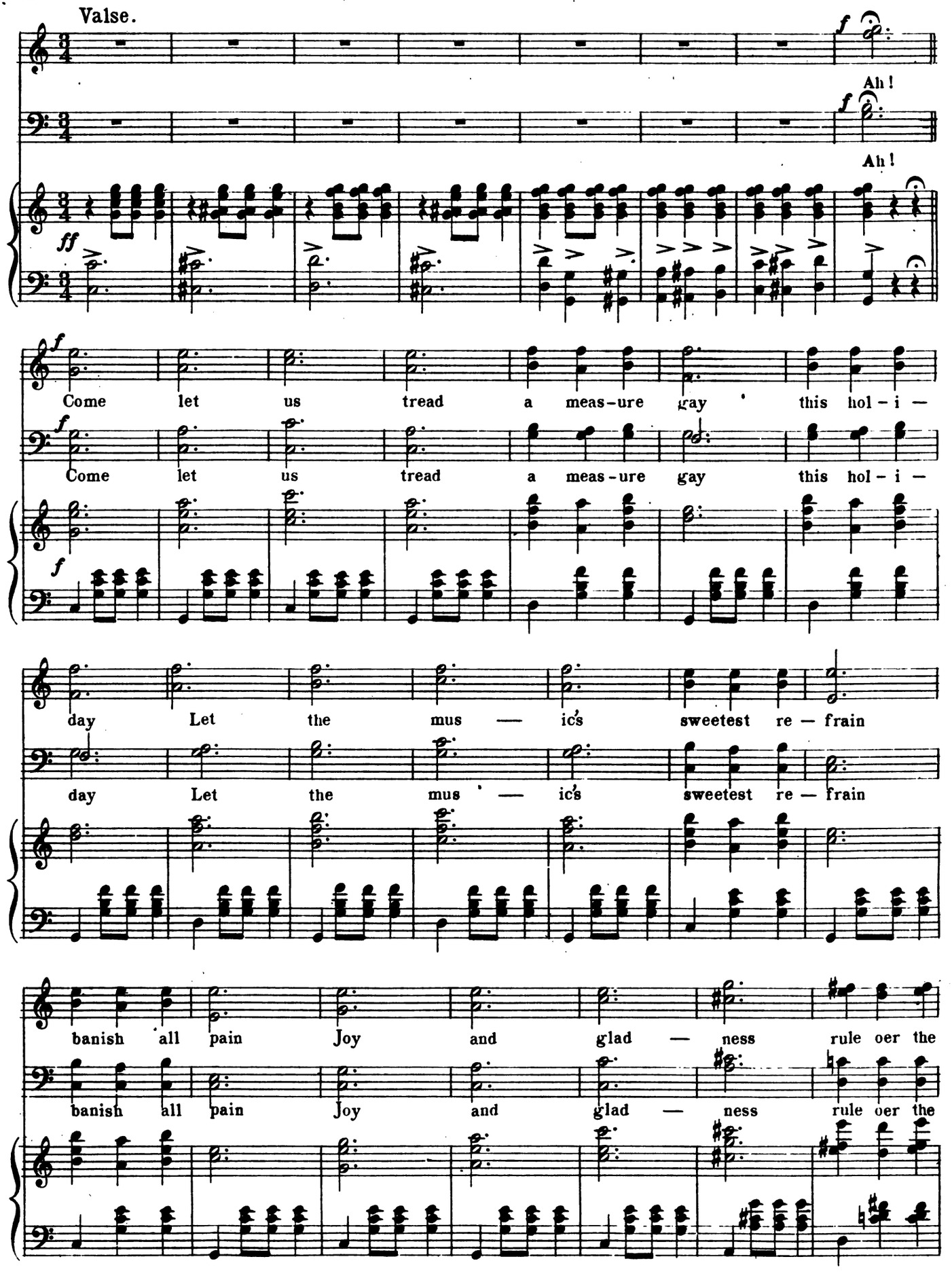
gain Mirth and glad — ness rule o — ver all to — day. —

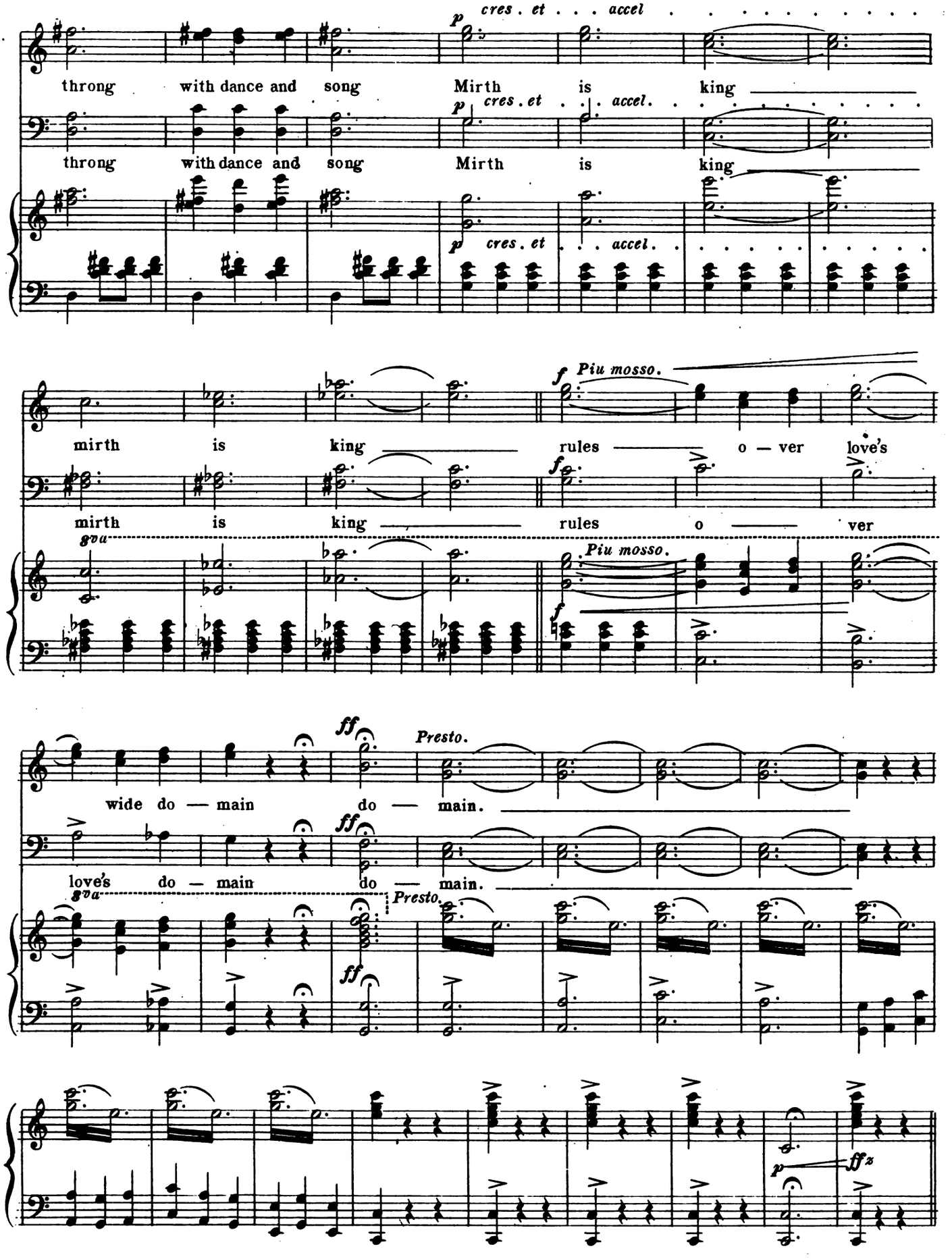

Ah yes Ah yes joy shall rule the day
We beg that you will join us
Gai — ly sing — ing we will join with the mirth of the throng
Ah Ah
join this hap — py throng.
Glad — ly bring — ing our joy — ous song.
Ah
(Virginiu.)
Ah
hap — py throng. — Dance and song,
(Chorus.) poco . a . poco . . . cres . . cen . . do .
joy — ous song. — Dance and song,
poco . a . poco . . cres . . cen . . do


Ah rule the
mf
dance and song rule the
mf
dance and song rule the
mf
whole day long.
rit.
f
whole day long.
rit.
f
whole day long.
rit.
f
rit.
a tempo.
f
Come let us tread a meas-ure gay this hol — i —
f a tempo.
Come let us tread a meas ure gay this hol — i —
f a tempo.


day Let the mus — ic's sweetest re — frain
day Let the mus — ic's sweetest re — frain
banish all pain Joy and glad — ness rule o'er the
banish all pain Joy and glad — ness rule o'er the
Vivace.
throng with dance and song mirth is (Scream.) Entrance of Maj
throng with dance and song mirth is (Scream.)
ff
Wuddell and orderly Dialogue.
p


He is of roy—al
blood A spy for aught we know He may have faults but he can
of roy—al blood for aught we know He may have faults but he can
waltz So please sir, let him go, Let him go, Let him
waltz So please sir, let him go, Let him go, Let him go,
go, Let him go, Let him go.
Let him go, Let him go, Let him go.


Valse.
Ah!
Ah!
Come let us tread a meas-ure gay this hol-i-
Come let us tread a meas-ure gay this hol-i-
day Let the mus — ic's sweetest re — frain
day Let the mus — ic's sweetest re — frain
banish all pain Joy and glad — ness rule oer the
banish all pain Joy and glad — ness rule oer the

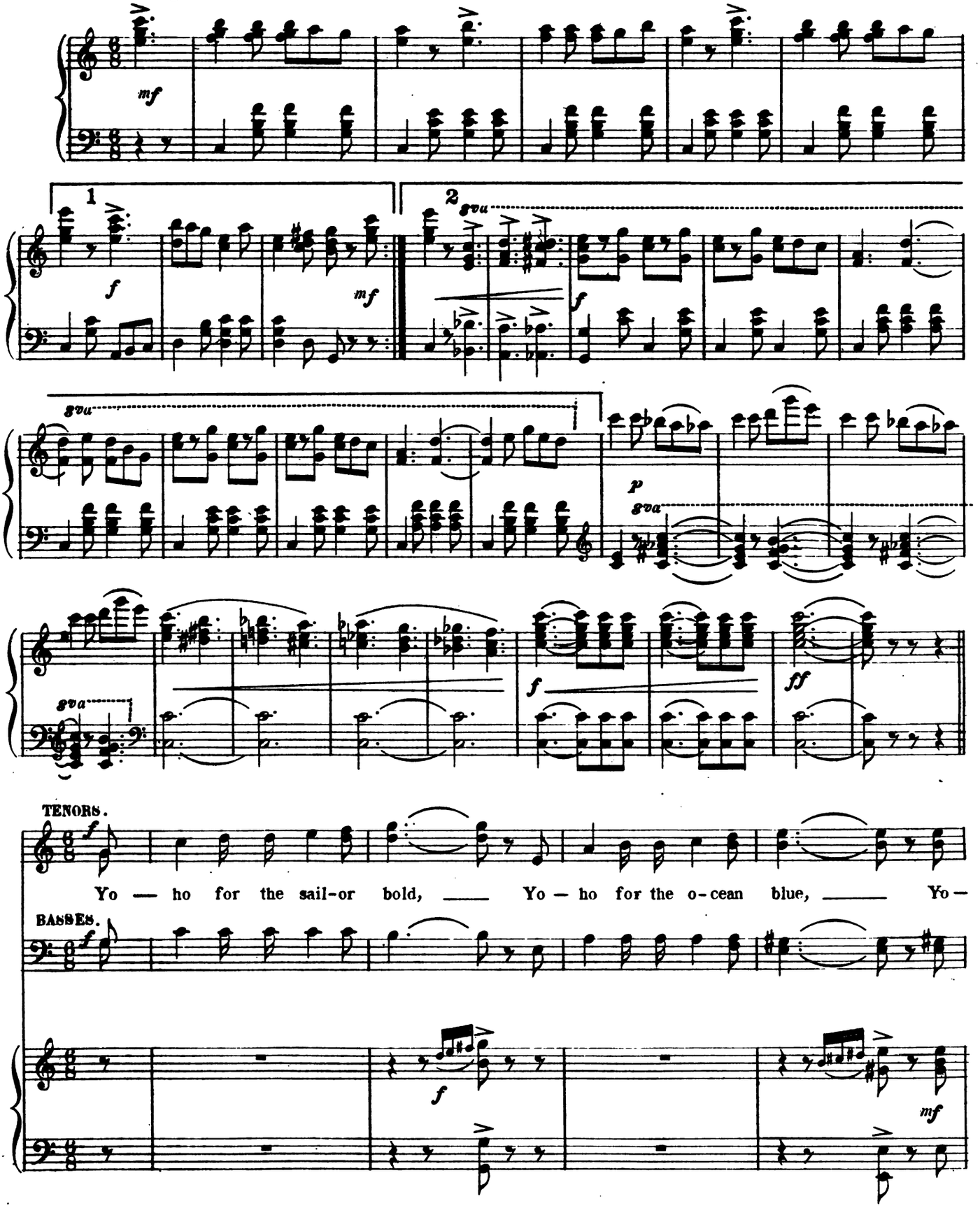

p cres. et . . . accel
throng with dance and song Mirth is king
p cres. et . . . accel.
throng with dance and song Mirth is king
p cres. et . . . accel.
mirth is king rules o — ver love's
f Piu mosso.
mirth is king rules o — ver
8va
Piu mosso.
f
wide do — main do — main.
ff
Presto.
love's do — main do — main.
ff
8va
Presto.
ff
p
ffz

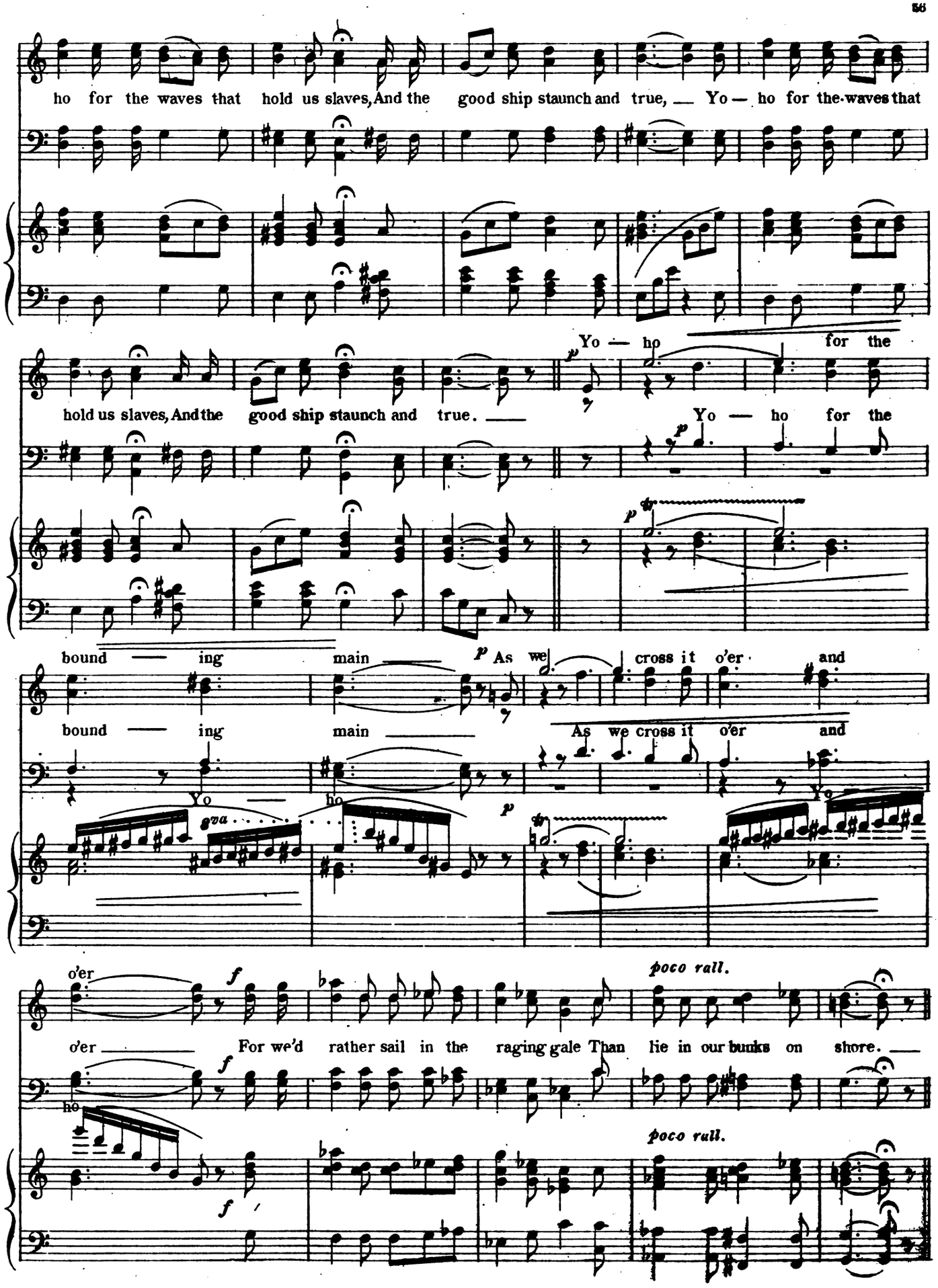
ACT III.

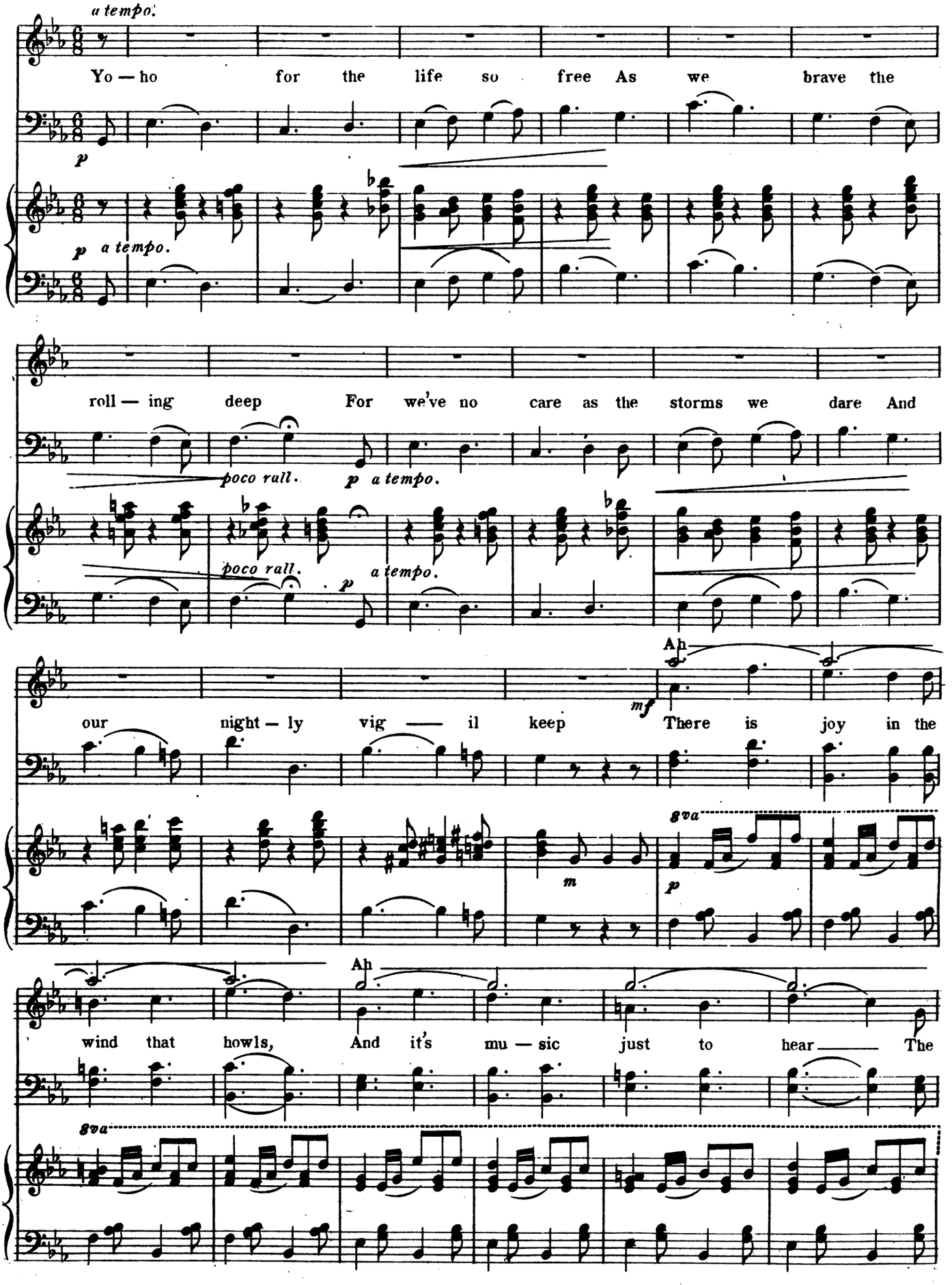
OPENING CHORUS.

Allegro.

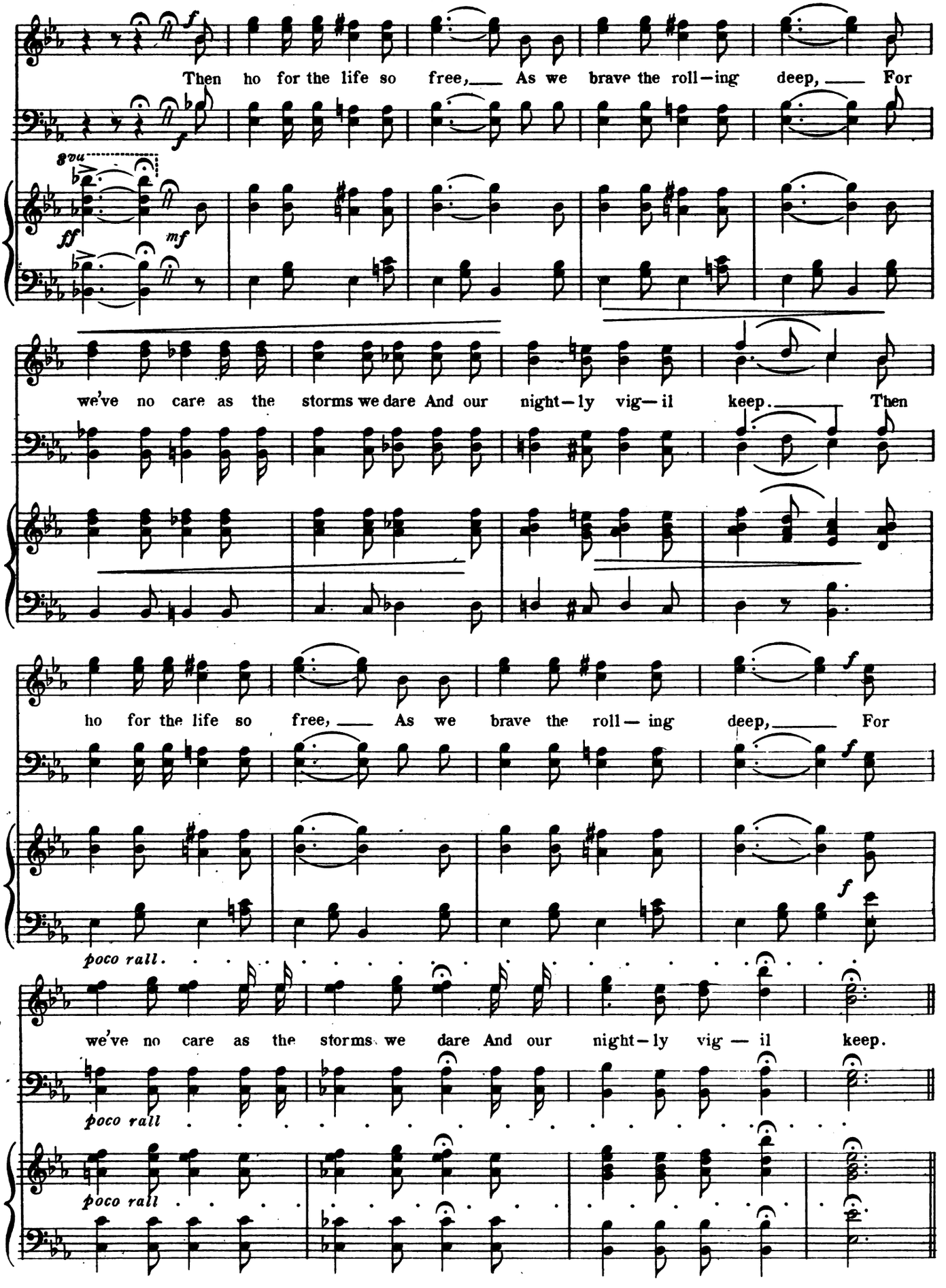
J. S. ZAMECNIK.




ho for the waves that hold us slaves, And the good ship staunch and true, — Yo — ho for the waves that
hold us slaves, And the good ship staunch and true. —
Yo — ho for the
Yo — ho for the
bound — ing main —
As we cross it o'er and
bound — ing main —
As we cross it o'er and
Yo — ho
Yo
o'er
o'er — For we'd rather sail in the raging gale Than lie in our bunks on shore. —
ho
poco rall.
poco rall.

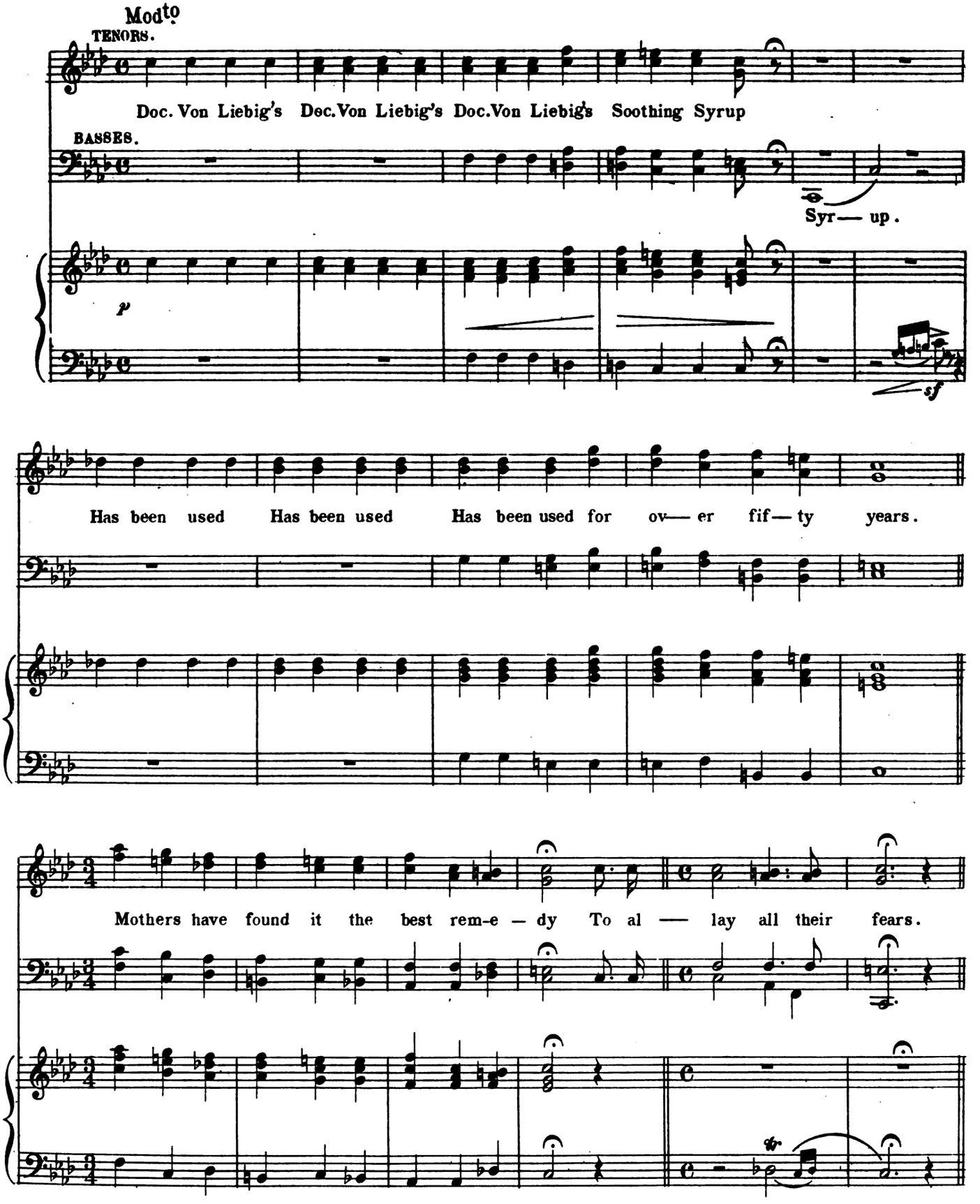

a tempo.
Yo — ho for the life so free As we brave the
p
p a tempo.
roll — ing deep For we've no care as the storms we dare And
poco rall. p a tempo.
poco rall. p a tempo.
Ah
our night — ly vig — il keep mf There is joy in the
8va
m
p
Ah
wind that howls, And it's mu — sic just to hear The
8va

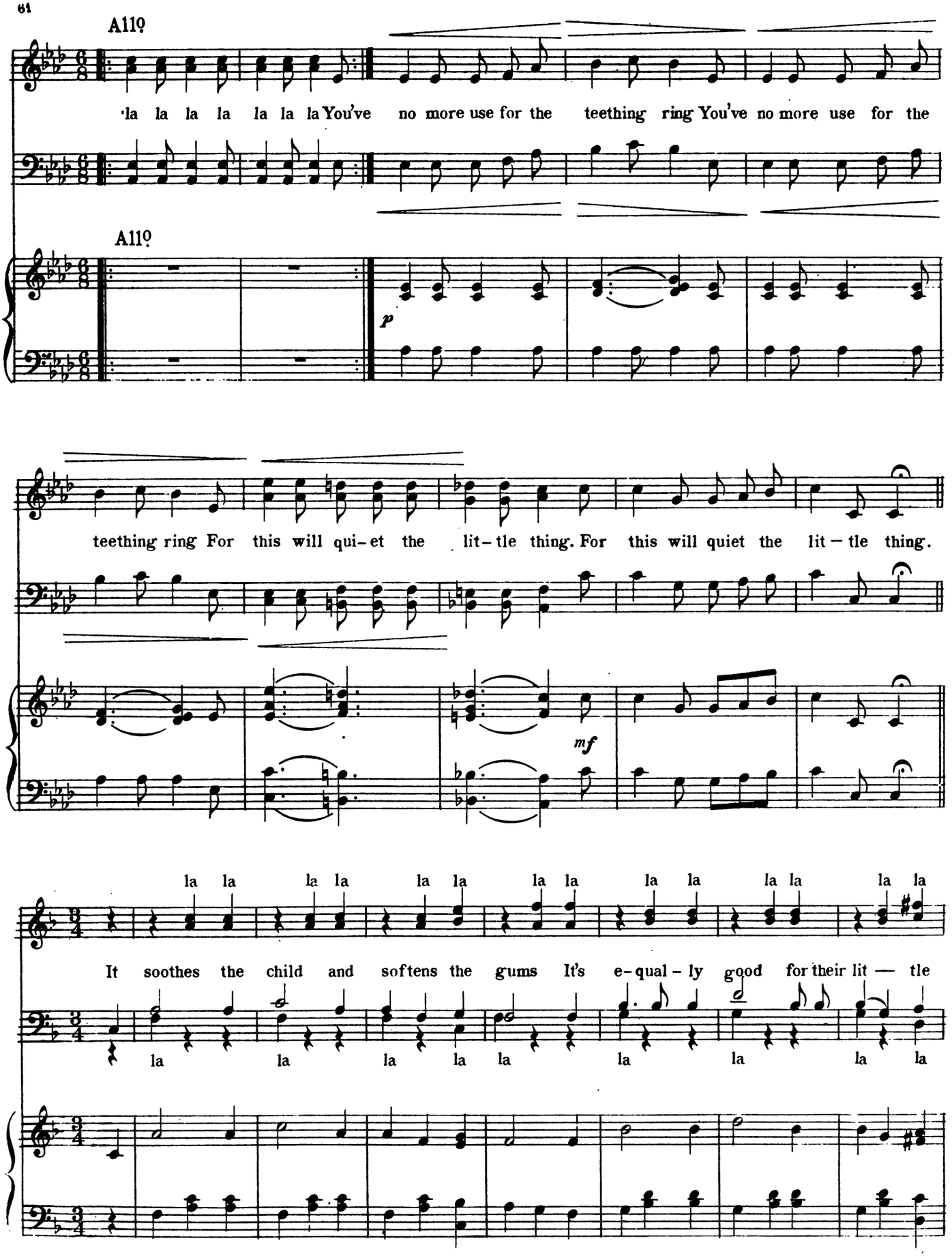
There is joy As we
tim — ber's crash and the waves that dash As we sail with out a
sail Ah
f fear. *mf* There is joy in the wind that howls,
f *8va*
hear The
And it's mu — sic just to hear The tim — ber's
8va *mf*
ff
crash and the waves that dash As we sail with out a fear.
ff *8va* *f*

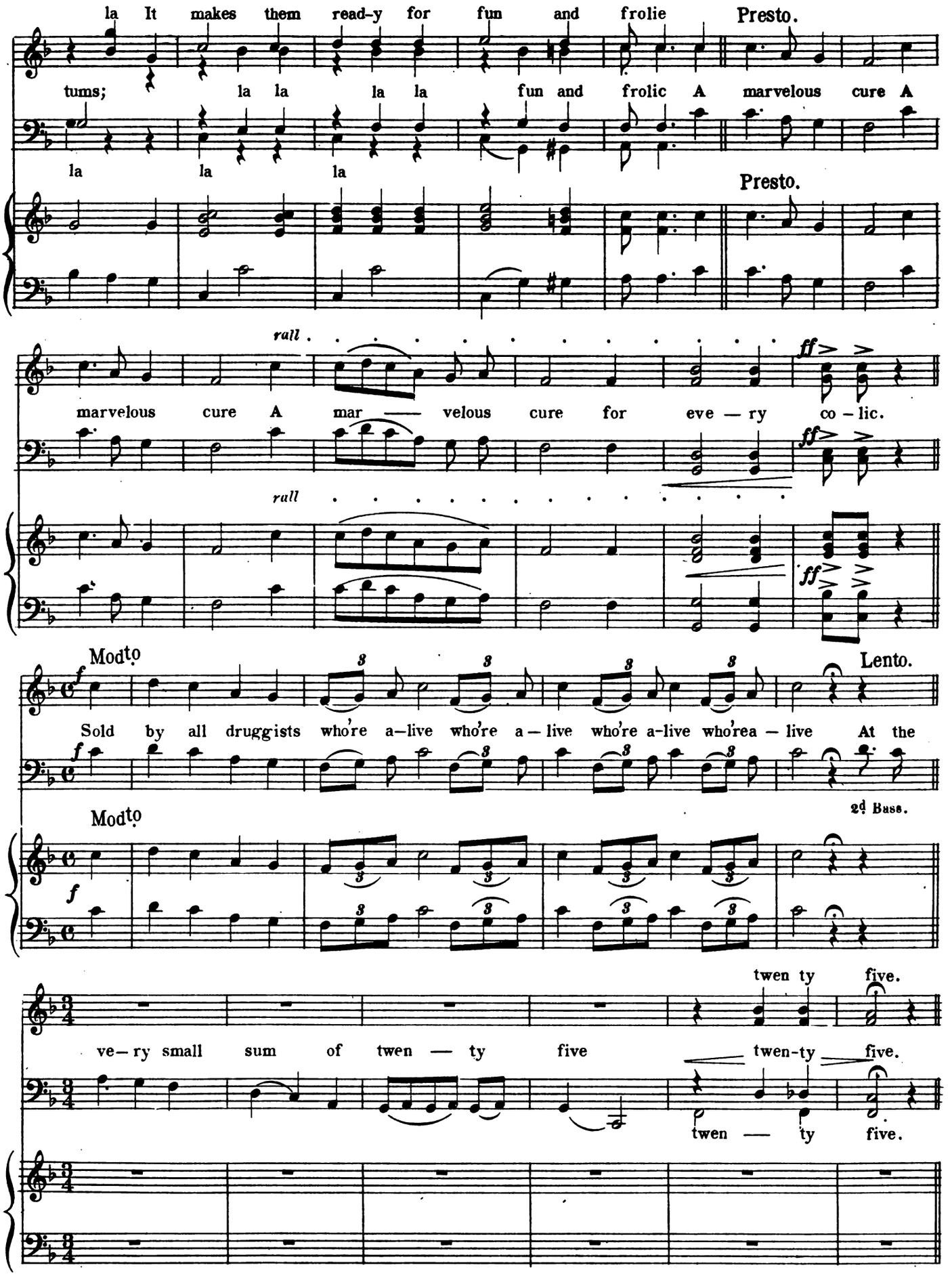

Then ho for the life so free, As we brave the roll—ing deep, For
we've no care as the storms we dare And our night—ly vig—il keep. Then
ho for the life so free, As we brave the roll— ing deep, For
poco rall.
we've no care as the storms we dare And our night—ly vig — il keep.
poco rall
poco rall

DOC. VON LIEBIG'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

A. R. DAVIS.



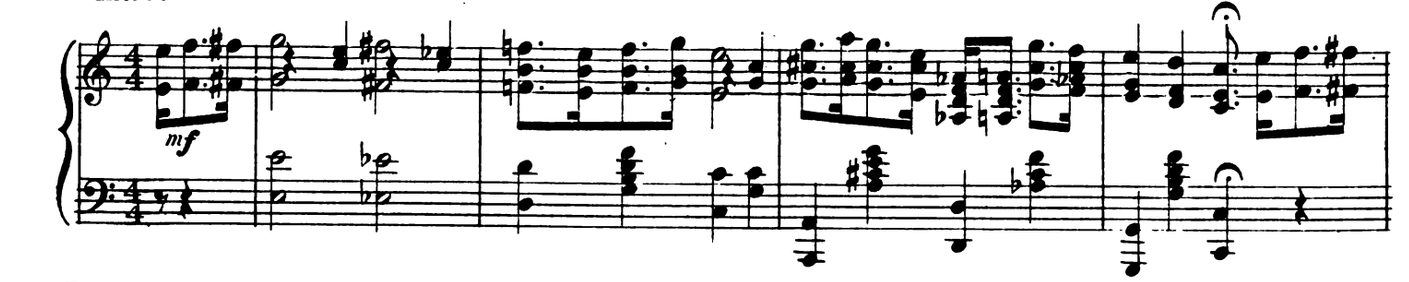

All⁹
la la la la la la la You've no more use for the teething ring You've no more use for the
All⁹
p
teething ring For this will qui-et the lit-tle thing. For this will quiet the lit-tle thing.
mf
la la la la la la la la la la la la
It soothes the child and softens the gums It's e-qual-ly good for their lit — tle
la la la la la la la la


la It makes them read-y for fun and frolie
Presto.
tums; la la la la fun and frolic A marvelous cure A
la la la
Presto.
rall.
marvelous cure A mar — velous cure for eve — ry co — lic.
ff
rall
Modto
Lento.
Sold by all druggists who're a-live who're a — live who're a-live who're a — live At the
2d Bass.
Modto
twen ty five.
ve — ry small sum of twen — ty five twen-ty five.
twen — ty five.

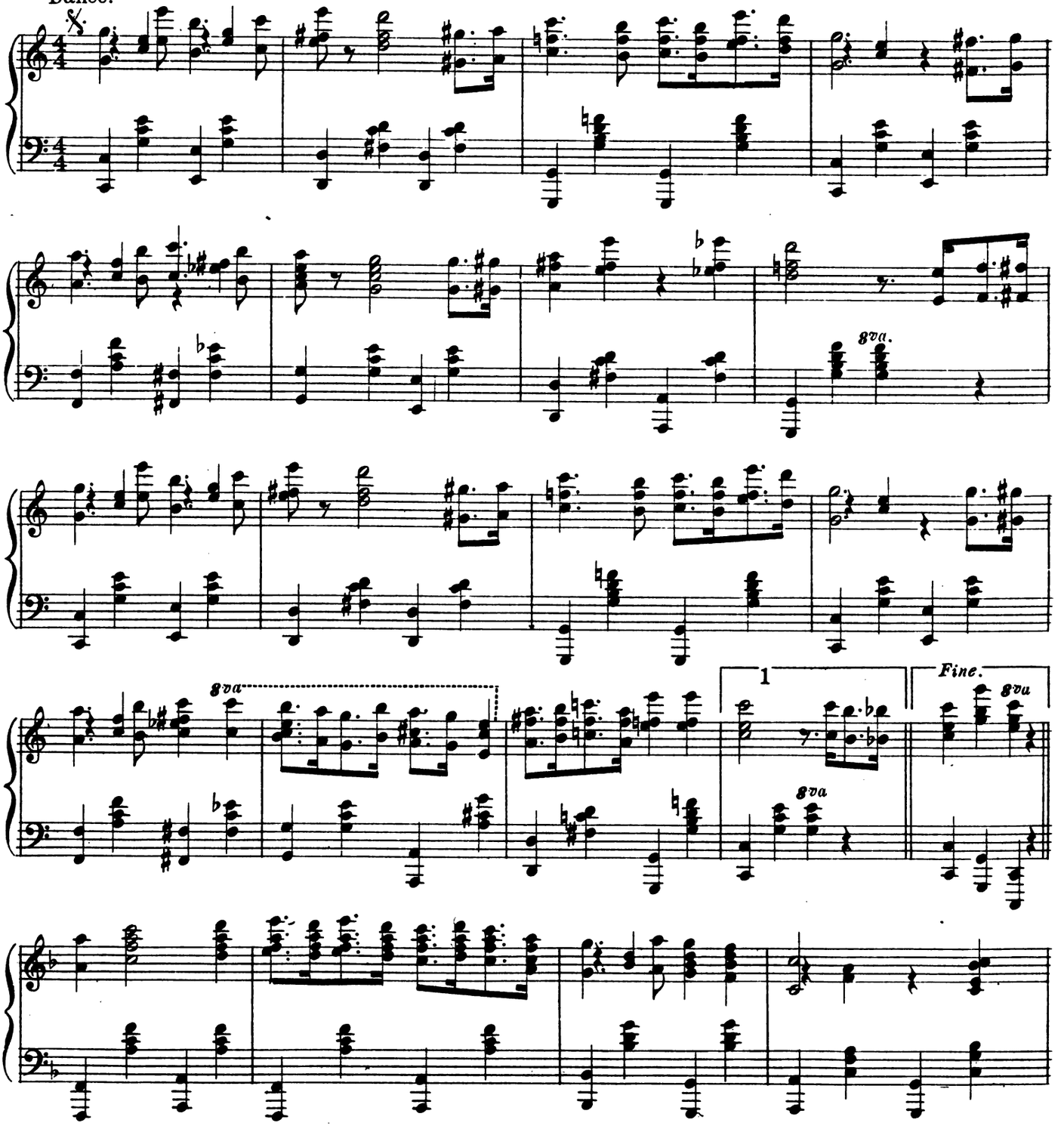
DANCE DUET.

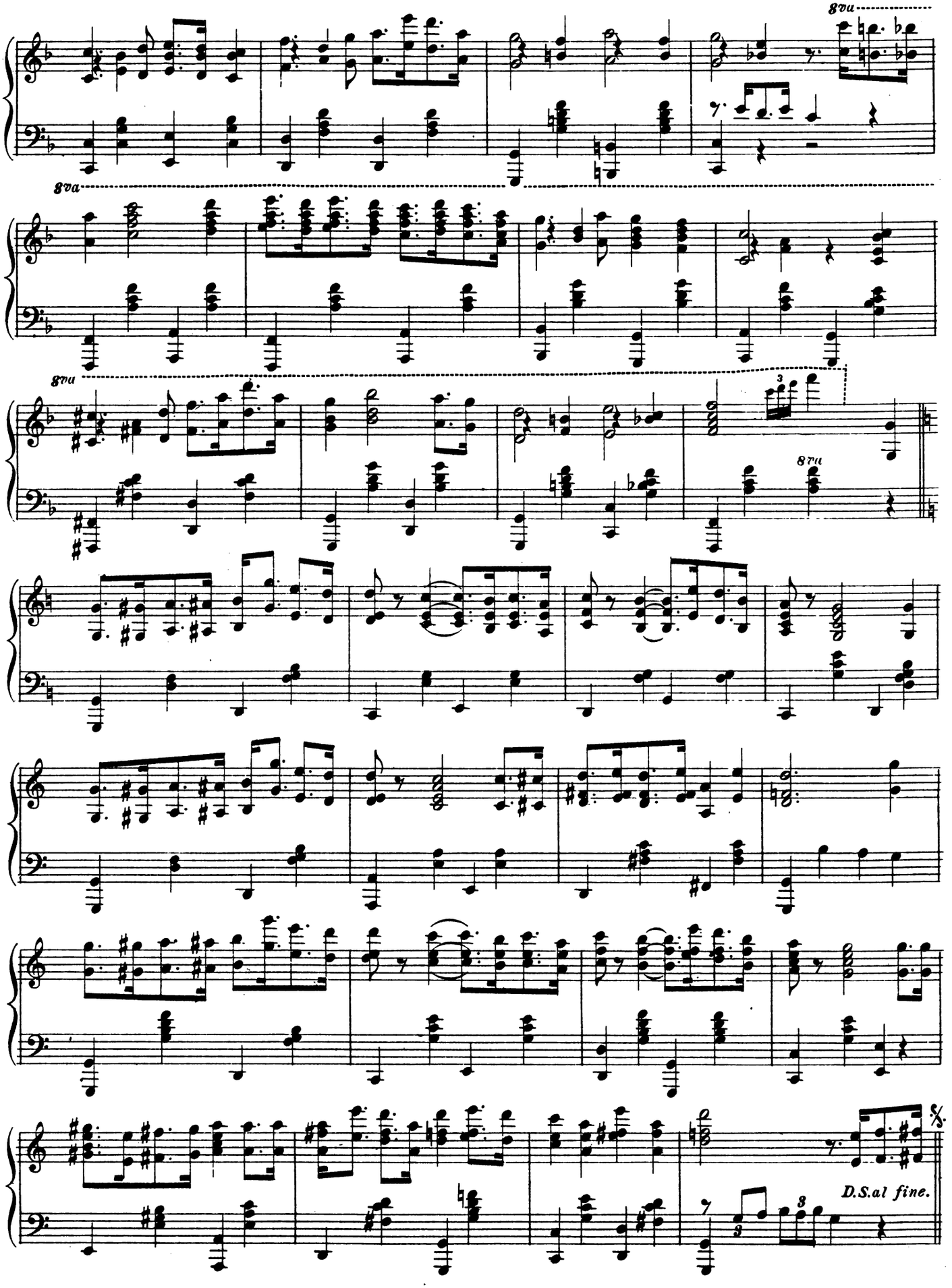
Intro.

H. L. SANFORD.



Dance.




8va
8va
8va
8va
D.S.al fine.

JACKY.

J.S. ZAMECNIK.

Allegro.

f *mf*

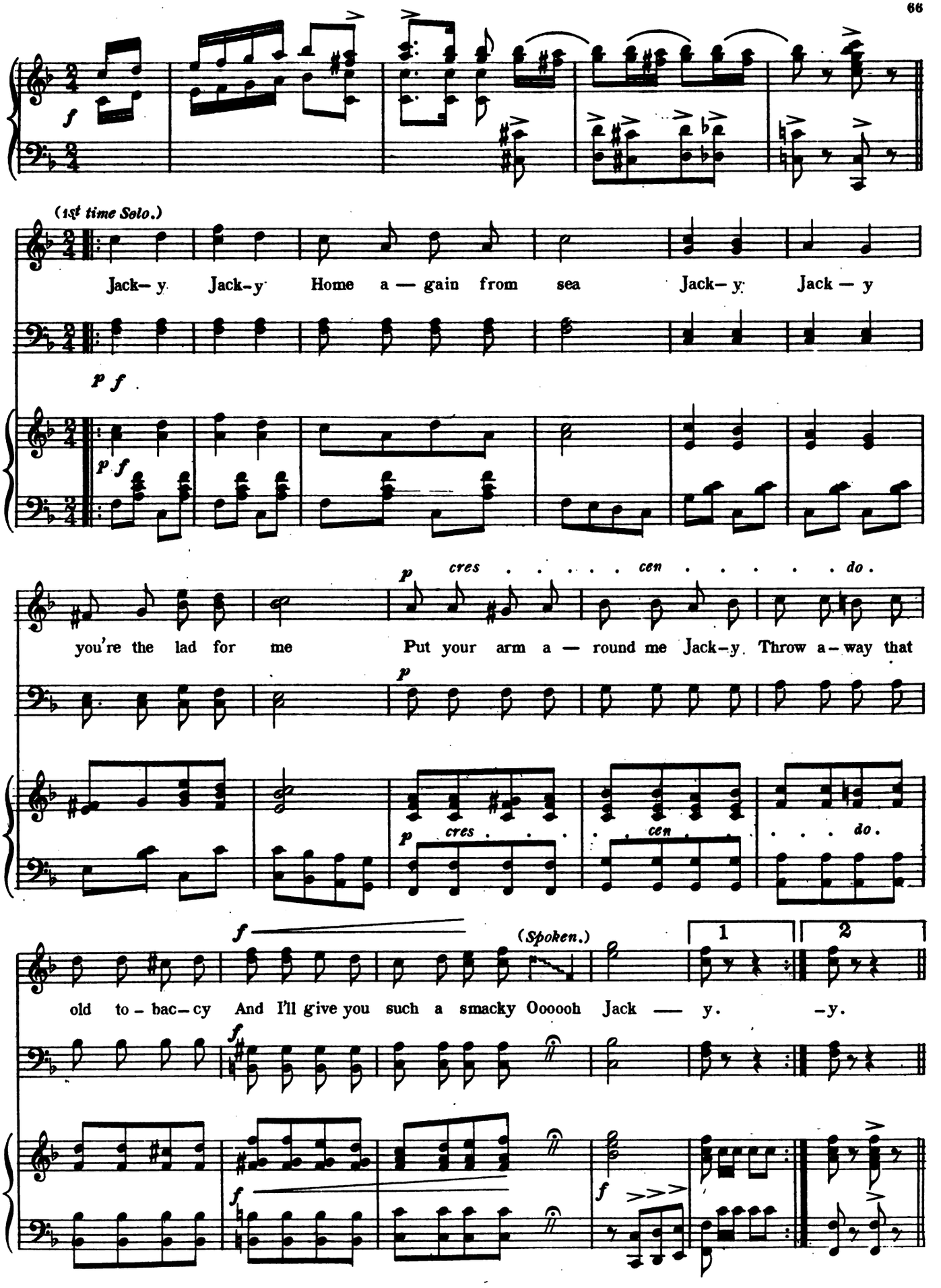
p

Songs have been sung a-bout sailors, — From New York to Somali — land. — And some have been moony And some have been spoony And some would eat out of your hand. — But I've got a gay little lad-die. — Who has knocked me clean off me pins — For his winkin' and smilin' Has set me heart bilin' And made me forget all me sins.

Any one can be a soldier, And wear a big sword on his hip. You got to have nerve Uncle Sammy to serve down be-low in an old bat-tle ship. And that's why I'm soft on this lad-die. And that's why I call him my own — The pride of the Navy He's fine fancy gravy And sweeter than ham near the bone

poco rall.

poco rall.


(1st time Solo.)
Jack- y Jack-y Home a — gain from sea Jack- y Jack — y
you're the lad for me Put your arm a — round me Jack-y. Throw a-way that
cres . . . . . cen . . . . . do.
old to - bac- cy And I'll give you such a smacky Oooooh Jack — y. -y.
(Spoken.)
1
2

MY OLD TIME DIXIE GIRL.

J. S. ZAMECNIK.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Of

mf

poco rall. *p*

maidens fair with beau-ty rare And girls of high de-gree There's one a-lone I'd

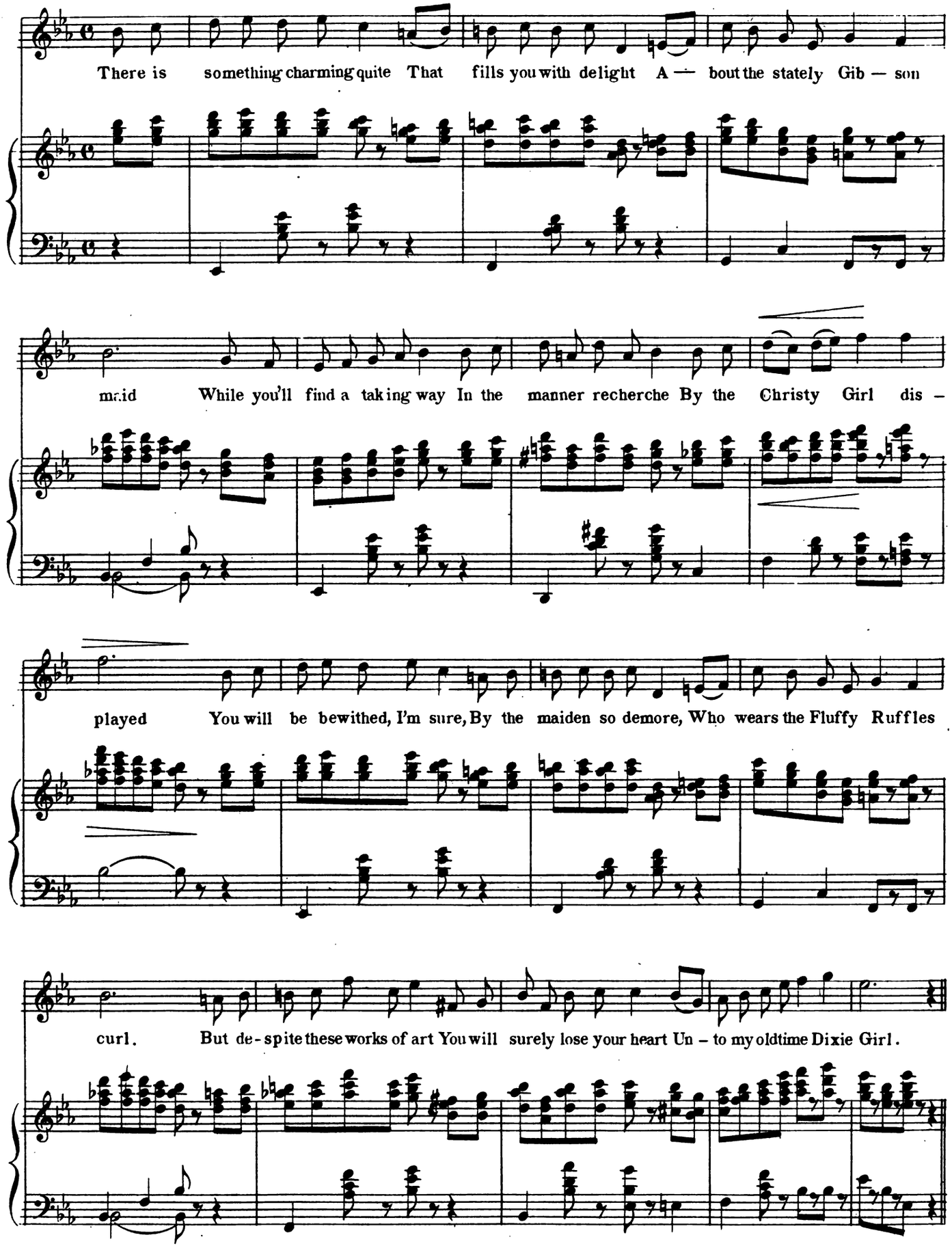
delicatamente.

call my own She's all the world to me. She's won me by her manner sly, And

poco rall.

cap-ti-vat-ing ways, My love I'll give while I may live To the girl of olden days.

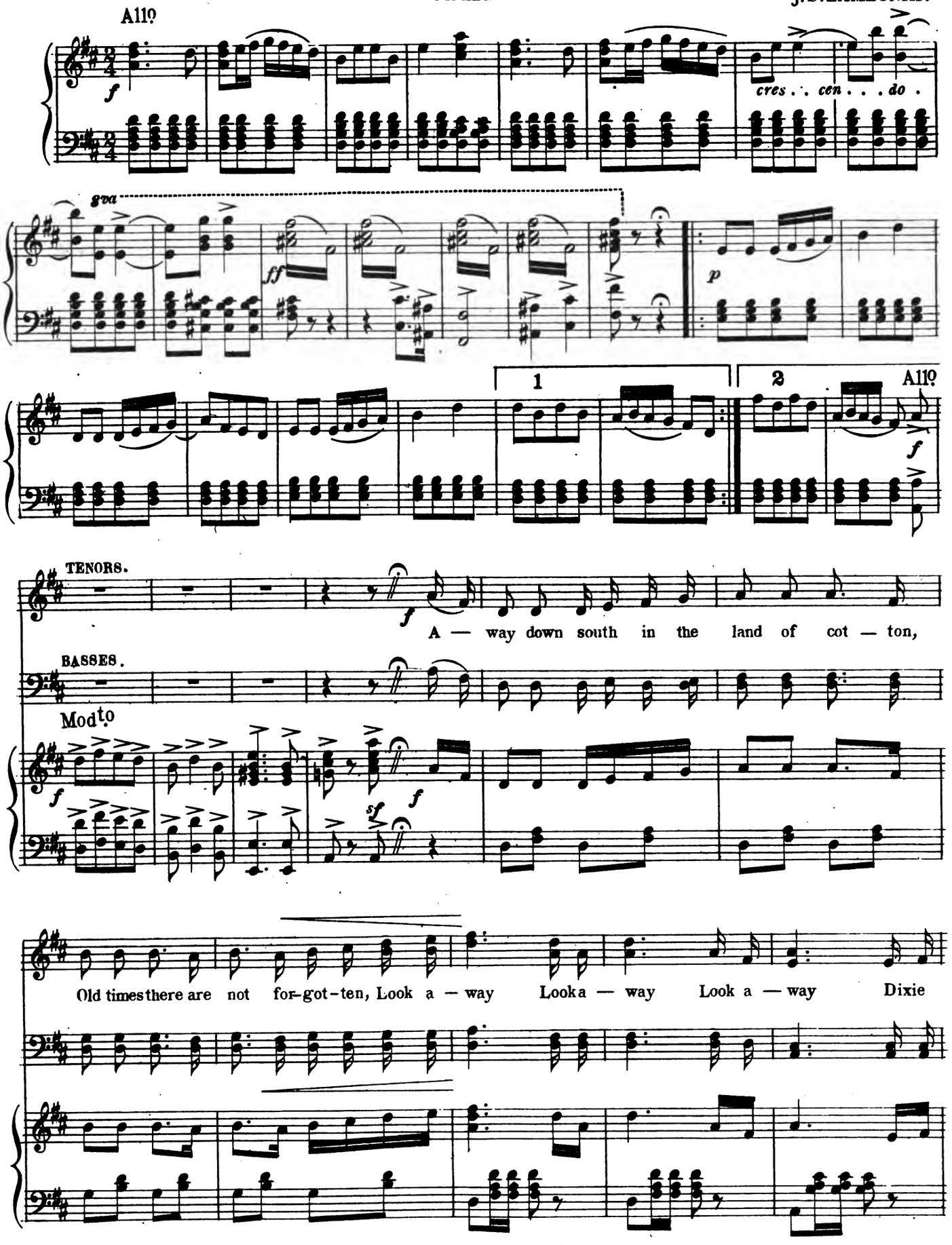
poco rall.


There is something charming quite That fills you with delight A — bout the stately Gib — son
maid While you'll find a taking way In the manner recherche By the Christy Girl dis —
played You will be bewithed, I'm sure, By the maiden so demore, Who wears the Fluffy Ruffles
curl. But de-spite these works of art You will surely lose your heart Un – to my oldtime Dixie Girl.

ACT III.

FINALE.

J.S.ZAMECNIK.



land I wish I was in Dixie I do I do In Dixie land I'll

take my stand to live and die in Dixie A — way A — way A — way down south in

Dixie A — way A — way A — way down south in Dixie.

ff And^te grandioso.

My coun — try, 'tis of thee, sweet land of lib — er — ty,

71

of thee I sing, Land where my fa — thers died, Land of the

rall.

pil — grim's pride, From ev — ery moun — tain side let free — dom

rall.

Vivo.

ring.

Vivo.

ff

p ff

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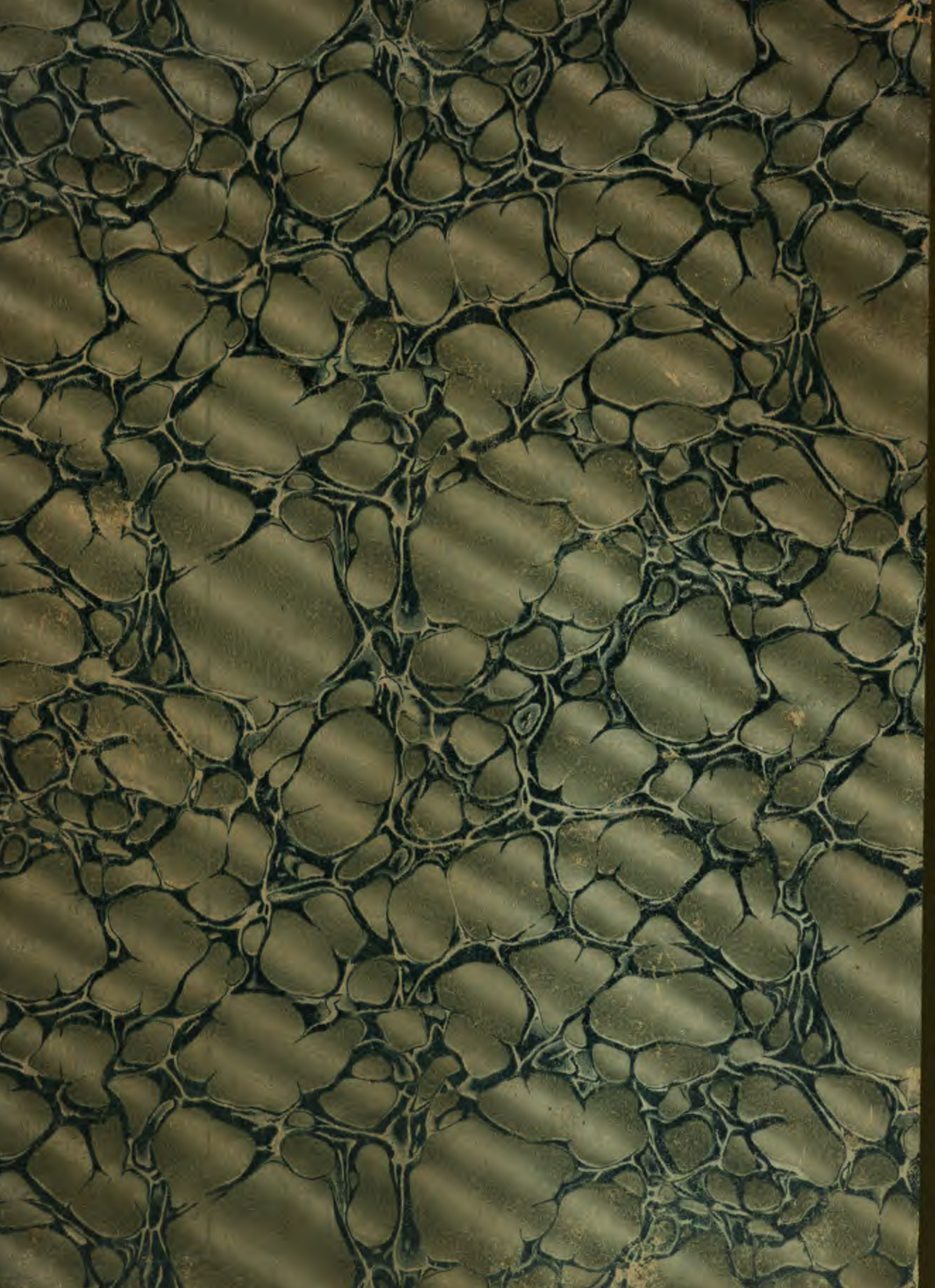
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